THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 34. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"SAXON OR ROMAN?"

A Correspondent of "The Citizen" Takes Up the Question in Regard to English Origin and Character.

He Holds to the Belief that the Inhabitants of Albion are Saxon, Not Roman.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

No one detracts one iota from the bravery of the Briton in the beginning of the struggle with the mailed troops of Rome. Boadicia and her daughters still claim admiration. However, the bravery of the Briton was short-lived; he soon sank beneath the iron heel of the Roman. Who can say what Roman slavery was? The Conde Pallen tells us that "Roman greatness was a vast system of slavery which had grown into every fibre of the Roman polity. All labor was performed by slaves, all industries were carried on by slaves. The slave was the agriculturist; the slave was the domestic servant; the slave was the skilled artisan; the slave was the merchant or trader; the slave was the scribe and teacher. Over that slave the master had absolute right of life and death. The slave was not a person, but a chattel; *mancipium* was the Latin word for slave, and in its signification we may gather some idea of what Roman slavery was, for *mancipium* means something that can be held in the hand. But slavery did not stop here; over every member of his household the master had the same absolute right of life and death—over his own children and wife. Nor was he accountable for the disposition of their lives. His will was absolute within his own dwelling, and he rendered an account to no one of what transpired within its walls. In his turn the master of a thousand slaves was as absolutely subject to the will of the State as expressed in the Imperial office. An order from the Emperor to choose the manner of his death was not to be disputed. Like Seneca, he opens his veins in a warm bath, and plunges [illegible] into eternity.

This was slavery as practiced by that power "which determined the quality of the British race." Its awful features remained long stamped upon the British character. Christianity failed to cure them of their love for human traffic. History informs us that they sold their own children into slavery in Ireland. In our own time and country we have beheld the same race madly endeavor to build up "a system of government with slavery for a corner-stone." Slavery lurks in the folds of England's red banner. If this be one of the "strongest traits, derived from the most forceful and masterful race," they are welcome with a heart and a half to whatever glory the transaction possesses. If "Roman blood had determined the quality of the British race," the period at which it would naturally reach its best stage, in fact, get "blue-blooded," would be towards the close of the Roman occupation. When the defense of Rome called the Roman from his distant conquest, history tell us that the Britons followed him to the seashore, and with tears and sighs besought him to stay with them, and protect them from the hardy Picts and Scots who were, glory to them for it, whipping and whaling them every chance they got. The "wail of the Briton" still lives in history, although ignored by the *Social Economist*. It is a beautiful illustration of the quality of "Roman blood in the British race." Who knows but what these may have been tears for "Auld Lang Syne?"

Whatever change the Romans made in Britain in the manner of government or farms, the Anglo-Saxons soon changed all. The Britons as a separate people ceased to exist. "Roman roads bound together all the cities and towns of England." These roads were more for military purposes than commercial ones. The history of cities and towns in England, even London, for many centuries after the Roman evacuation, is very uncertain. "The Saxons, and later the Angles, came as allies, and not as invaders." This is absurd. Fredet says: "Ever since the time when the Roman troops were totally withdrawn from Great Britain, the Picts and Scots seized every opportunity to renew their inroads. District after district became a scene of devastation; the misery of the natives increased every day, till finding themselves destitute of all resources at home, they resolved to call in a body of Saxons, who, having sailed from the north of Germany, were then cruising in the channel along the coast in quest of plunder. Adventurers like these could not fail to comply with a request which they justly presumed would turn to their own advantage. 'For six years they fought the battles of the natives. But having by this time great numbers of their countrymen, to whom the Angles, another German tribe, willingly joined themselves, they excited the jealousies and alarms of the Britons who refused them an increased supply of provisions.

"This was the signal for a war which proved most fatal to the liberty of the natives. The Anglo-Saxons conquered them in many battles, and began to bring under subjection the country which they had just defended against the Scottish invaders." Again, "Though the Britons fought with great valor and sometimes with success, for the independence of their country, their efforts proved fruitless, and the greater part of the island was subjugated by the Anglo-Saxons, who, changing its name, laws and constitution, established in it seven independent kingdoms. . . . By this conquest the whole of the country was replunged into the state of barbarism from which it had been rescued by the Romans. It remained in that state until the close of the sixth century. . . . The natives, as soon as they found resistance useless, fled to the hills and forests to escape the exterminating sword of the invaders. Multitudes found refuge in the craggy country of Wales, which they occupied for centuries. Others, crossing the ocean, landed on the western extremity of Armorica, in Gaul, where making permanent settlements, they gave to the new tract the name of Brittany." Very expensive "allies" the Anglo-Saxons proved themselves in the end.

Granted that Gladstone's countenance resembles Cicero's, and that Judge Trumbull is as much a Roman in appearance as any of them, what does this prove? A flea subjected to a microscopical examination has all the outlines of the elephant, yet who would argue that because of this resemblance the flea by some process of evolution was descended from the elephant? The professor of St. Jarlath's, Tuam, says in his admirable work, "Aryan Origin of the Celtic Race: "No logical sequence can result from a mere accidental resemblance. Mere resemblance does not prove identity of origin, of kind, or sameness of purpose, or of end." There are thousands, aye, millions of Irish people, with frames and features that any Roman might well envy, and they would resent the imputation that "Roman blood had determined the quality of their race." How will it appear that the "English and Americans are the countrymen of Cato and Cæsar, Columbus and Napoleon?" Most assuredly the "American type of character is not Anglo-Saxon;" it ought to be ever borne in mind that "Europe, not England, is the mother country of America." If the British people, as we now understand the term, are not descended from the Anglo-Saxon savages, whom else did they spring from? It is easy enough for subsidized poets to sing that "Britons never shall be slaves." Turn to the history of every land where her felon flag has waved. Did peace and happiness and "smiling content" follow in its wake? How fares India? What is the history of English dealings with America? How strong was the tie of kinship thirty years ago? "What lessons are we to learn from the [illegible] Halifax, the batteries of Bermuda, or the strong fortifications on the Pacific coast?" Are these an evidence of the "strongest traits?" What shall we say of Ireland, whose life-blood is at this moment being drained away? Think of pagan Rome. "To the pagan peoples she had given a unity they had never known before, and a peace they had never enjoyed before—that wonderful 'majesty of the Roman peace,' as Seneca called it.

"In her mighty embrace she gathered into one civil family the pagan nations, and bestowed upon them one universal system of legislation. But it was her policy never to destroy them; she assimilated them, and what was best in them appropriated to herself as elements of her own vast fabric. . . . What before was scattered she made one; what before was weak she made strong; what before was little she made great. If she conquered the nations, she blessed the vanquished with the gift of Roman freedom, and the majesty of the Roman peace. If she ruled them, it was through a system of legislation better than their own. If she took from them she returned to them fourfold. She subjugated Greece to her arms, to make Athens the intellectual mistress of the world; and she made Gaul the market place of Egypt." This was the policy of ancient Rome, as Pallen tells us, a policy unifying, strong, far-reaching and generous to the vanquished. How will it compare with England's Irish policy either in remote times or at the present hour? Has she united us and given us peace? Are her millions of subjects governed by "one universal system of legislation?" Has it been her policy never to destroy? Has she absorbed us as elements of her own vast fabric, or are we not regarded after more than 700 years of attempted government as an alien people? She found us a loose scattered people; did she make us one? We were weak from internal strife; did she heal our wounds and make us strong? We were little as compared with other nations; did her policy make us great? She insists that we are a conquered people; has she given us either the freedom or the peace of the conqueror? She rules us; is her system of legislation better than our own? She has taken everything from us, even the right to live in the land that God intended for us; what has she returned for it all? She subjugated us, not so much by the power of her arms as by her trickery and cunning, and when the darkness of her infamous Penal Code lay upon the entire land, and the sentence of an ignominious death was passed against all who told the Irish youth that they had a God to revere and worship, and a country to love and serve, did she not parade us before a wondering world as a barbarous and ignorant people?

The lamp of knowledge burned with a bright glow in Ireland, and hungry students from distant lands flocked to the overflowing measure of her wisdom centuries before the plundering Normans had landed upon her shore; how fares that lamp of knowledge now? If Rome filled England with farms, Ireland can point to 167 poorhouses which English legislation has filled her with. How beautifully the spirit of ancient Rome has been transferred! But has Ireland no rights at all—has she derived nothing from the connection with England? We save one right still our own—the right to hate her, to plot and watch and listen her ruin; to rejoice in her hour of danger and take advantage of it; to bless the hand that smites her; to learn from the bitter past the blessings of unity; to put no faith in the soft words of an English statesman; to educate ourselves and learn to do our own thinking; to stand shoulder to shoulder and discipline ourselves in watchfulness, prudence and silence. Rome fell; an "Empire whose confines were only limited by man's geographical knowledge" passed away. To the ancients, the power of Rome seemed indestructible, as many in our own day regard the power of England. "So vast was the power of Rome, so stable did it seem, based upon foundations apparently so immovable that she came to be called Eternal Rome, and Horace measures his immortality by her durability." Is England more potent? Has she, too, "built an impregnable rampart around her absolute dominion?" Where shall we look for the weak places in her system? Will she survive for ever?

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel;
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway."

T. J. F.

THE TRUE LOVE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

He stood on the brow of the Esquiline—
A tribune of Rome was he,
In whose soul there glowed the light divine
Of a long-lost chivalry:
The people gazed on their chief with awe,
For his voice, as the voice of the sea,
Had the wondrous ring and the thunder tones
Of an unseen deity:—
"Ho! perish my name,
And perish my fame—
So the land that I love be free!"

A young Greek stood on the Attic shore,
And pressed to his breast the bride
Whose deep dark eyes might never more
Be mirrored within the tide:
For the thin wan face that he kissed that day
Was as cold as a Chillon gyve,
And the next new moon might fail to see
The dame of his heart alive:—
"Ho! welcome the breath
Of the Gods of Death—
So the bride whom I love survive!"

Oh, the love that knows no sacrifice
Is never a love at all;
For its lips will be mute, and its ears will be deaf
To honor's trumpet-call!
But hurrah for the love that for ever and aye
Will stand to its loyalty,
Though the curse of the slave and the jeers of the knave
May doom it to infamy!
Yes, perish its name
And perish its fame—
So the land that it serves be free!

OBITUARY.

MRS. NELLIE PARVIN.

The friends of Mrs. James McGraw will be shocked to learn of the sudden death, last evening, of her sister, Mrs. Nellie Parvin, of Chicago, who has been here a few days on a visit. Her death was very sudden and unexpected. Mrs. Parvin had been slightly ill for a few days, but Mrs. McGraw's physician had said it was nothing alarming. She grew suddenly worse at 9 o'clock, and died almost instantly. Pleurisy is is supposed to have been the cause.—*Leavenworth Times, Aug. 12.*

Mrs. Parvin was for many years a resident of Chicago, where she was widely and favorably known. She was a daughter of the late Mr. John O'Sullivan, and sister of the late Rev. Samuel A. O'Sullivan, of St. Patrick's church, this city, and of Mrs. James McGraw, of Leavenworth, Kas. She had charge of an important department in the store of Carson, Pirie & Co., which she conducted with rare ability to the advantage of the house. Mrs. Parvin was a practical and pious Catholic, a patriotic Irishwoman, a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister and a generous friend. May she rest in peace C.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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INFORMATION WANTED.

of the whereabouts of Joseph and Jacob Meares, born in Tipperary, Ireland; who left parish of Moyne, Thurles, county Tipperary, between 1849 and 1854; and of George Meares, who left between 1866 and 1868. Sought for by their brother, Thomas Meares. Reply to office of this paper.

ROMANCE OF FENIANISM.

Interesting Account of the Birth and Growth of the Movement in Great Britain and Ireland.

How Thousands of Volunteers from England, and Hundreds from America Flocked to the Standard of Irish Revolt.

BY ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

[The following extract from Mr. Arthur M. Forrester's clever work, "The Romance of Fenianism," will give our readers some idea of the great interest that centers in the story:]

On December 1, 1865, so little was James Stephens in doubt of the ability of the Fenians to take the field, despite the cruel losses they had suffered, that an order was issued by him for every I. R. B. man in England and Scotland who could afford to live in Ireland for a month to cross the channel and report at headquarters in Dublin, Cork, or Belfast. Over 400 men threw up their situations or sold out their business to obey the call. Three weeks later a second order was promulgated, this time calling upon every Fenian in Great Britain to go to Ireland. Probably 2000 responded. There were 1200 of these returned exiles in Dublin alone; and the others were scattered through the country. There could be no doubt of their determination and reliability. Every man was trained in the use of arms, and to a man they had abandoned their prospects in life to "strike another blow for the dear old land." The sacrifices made by these men were enormous and have never been fully realized by the Irish race. Let me give a typical case or two. Thomas L—— was one of the "best fixed" Irishmen in the mining town of Wigan, Lancashire. He owned the largest hotel in the place and drew rent from two or three blocks of houses. When the "call to arms" came he at once sold all his property at a large loss, and with his mother, wife, and children went to Dublin. Nor was this all. L—— was a "C," or corporal, of a section of nine men, and he took these with him, paying their railway fares across and keeping them in bed, board, and pocket money for months. On the suspension of the habeas corpus act on February 17, 1866, Irish Americans and Anglo-Irishmen were arrested by the hundred in Dublin and the provinces. L—— escaped and returned to Wigan almost penniless. He had sunk over £6000 in this "cause," and was compelled to go to work as an ordinary laborer. Yet a year later, when the order to march on Chester was sent to the Fenian circles in English cities, so little was L——'s patriotism affected by his previous disaster that he obeyed it without a murmur, and for a second time left himself without a home. When I last heard of this silent hero of the Irish Republican cause he was still working at the poorest kind of labor in a Lancashire mining village, broken down in health, impoverished, with nothing but the almshouse as his future expectation, but as patriotic as ever and scorning to repine at the fortune he had lost and the life of ease and comfort he had cast away.

In the same town of Wigan one J—— M'G—— was a contractor in a fair way of business. He had little capital, but his credit was good and his prospects fair. When the "marching order" came he sold out his household belongings and, crossed to Dublin with his wife and children, after supplying all the "volunteers" of his acquaintance with orders upon tailors and hatters and shoemakers, so that the Wigan contingent was the wonder and envy of the squads from other English cities—there were so many swells among it. When the martial contractor returned to Wigan from the "invasion" he had to face a battalion of angry creditors more formidable than a squadron of hussars. Cases like these could be repeated by the score. Rising physicians gave up promising practices, superintendents of mills, cashiers in banks, principals in schools, and heads of railway and street car departments abandoned their lucrative posts; shopkeepers sold out their businesses, and even the poor volunteers, the mechanics and laborers, made some sacrifice in obeying the call, to say nothing of the risk of death by a British bullet or bayonet, or life-long imprisonment in a British dungeon. At the same time as these Irish "crusaders" from England were concentrating in Dublin and Cork, scores of Irish-American officers were crossing the Atlantic and spreading themselves all over Ireland, taking charge of the local circles and inspiring confidence in the local ranks by their cool disregard of danger, their obvious contempt for the constabulary and the redcoats, and their stirring stories of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, Sheridan's ride to Winchester, or Sherman's march to the sea. In all, about Christmas day of 1865, there must have been 500 Irish-American soldiers in Ireland.

There were probably a few frauds in their ranks, such as the so-called "General" Massey, but the majority were true representatives of the Union veterans, many being officers of ranks ranging from lieutenant to colonel. The drain upon the Fenian funds of supporting these returned exiles must have been enormous. The American officers were paid according to their rank. The English volunteers received a shilling a day. A few of the latter—shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, bricklayers, and the like—secured temporary employment and relieved the national funds to a slight extent. But the outlay must have been thousands of dollars a day, and it lasted from the middle of December, 1865, to the end of February, 1866. It has been the fashion for English journalists to wonder where the generous subscriptions of the "Irish servant girls" disappeared. They were keeping a small, but compact and resolute army in Ireland for three months. Neither the Lord Lieutenant nor the commander of the forces in Ireland seemed to enjoy the presence of the silent, strange sojourners in the Irish cities. On January 21, 1866, Lord Wodehouse wrote:

"There are here a vast number of men who served in the American war. These are the men who would take command of the rebels, and there cannot be a more dangerous class. Besides them there are some hundreds of men in Dublin and elsewhere who have come over from England and Scotland, who receive regular pay, and are waiting the signal for an outbreak. I see no remedy for this but to suspend the habeas corpus act. We have arrested various agents from America, but they are too wary to carry about with them the evidence necessary to convict them."

On February 4 the Lord Lieutenant uttered another note of terror, and on the 14th he declared that "the only safety of the English rule in Ireland depends upon the suspension of the habeas corpus."

On February 12 Sir Hugh Rose, who had crushed the formidable Sepoy mutiny in India, declared that "the American agents are getting plans of all our detached forts and barracks. They are a most dangerous class—Irishmen imbued with American notions, thoroughly reckless and possessed of considerable military experience acquired on a field of warfare admirably adapted to train them for conducting an insurrection here. There are 340 of these Americans in the provinces and the police know 160 in Dublin—in round numbers 500, which is being augmented by fresh men constantly arriving from America. In Dublin itself there are several hundred evidently trained men from England to be seen loitering about the street corners. We have found no less than three manufactories of pikes, bullets, and cartridges in Dublin, and the police believe that several more exist. Of course, bullets are not made unless there are rifles to put them in, and these men from America and England know but too well how to use the rifles."

These sentiments so scared the potent, grave, and reverend seignors of the English Parliament that a bill to suspend the habeas corpus act in Ireland was introduced in the House of Commons on February 17, and passed through all its three readings and committee stage in less than twelve hours, only six members out of 370 present voting against it. It went through the House of Lords at even a faster clip, and was signed by the Queen, who stayed up all night for the purpose, within an hour of its final passage. The enactment of the measure altogether occupied less than twenty-four hours, the quickest piece of legislation known to English history except the bill for the recruiting of troops when George II. announced to Parliament that he had declared war against France, April 3, 1774. The passage of this bill enabled the Dublin Castle authorities to arrest and imprison without trial or even accusation any one whom they suspected of anything. They at once proceeded to exercise their power—indeed they did not wait for the bill to become law, but twelve hours before its final passage began to make arrests all over the country. On the one night of February 17 upwards of 500 American and English suspects were lodged in jail. Some of the Dublin lodginghouses were stripped of every male lodger. Saloons where the suspects were wont to congregate were surrounded and every customer marched off to prison. If the suspect were able to explain his presence in Dublin and prove the truth of his explanation he might be released, provided he did not wear a soft felt hat or square-toed boots, did not speak with an American accent, or had not been drinking a cocktail or a whiskey sour when taken at the bar. Inside two days nearly 1000 suspects were incarcerated and every American officer and English volunteer who was not in jail was either in hiding or had crossed the channel to seek safety in Liverpool and Manchester. The supply of funds failing about the same time, owing to a split in the American organization, the contemplated rising was reluctantly abandoned for the time, but the work of forging pikes, casting bullets, and practicing drill went on as if nothing had occurred to mar the Fenian plan of action."

Battling with the Snore.

[*To the Editor.*]

Poor and generous Ireland, so keenly appreciative of the kindnesses and benevolences of generous master England, is ever anxious to display her want of that ingratitude which causes countless thousands to mourn. The late Dr. O'Dowd of Kilkenny—may the earth sit lightly on his revered head—some few years ago discovered a sure and certain cure for that most distressing of nuisances—snoring. A fellow Irishmen gloryings in his countryman's good work and no doubt rejoicing in the fact that the men of Kilkenny, and the women too, for that matter, were at last enabled to woo tired nature's sweet restorer without the discomfort referred to, has graciously given the cure to an anxious world through the pages of the *Westminster Gazette*. Englishmen—though Ireland's woes no doubt will still grieve the ultra nice and all too tender conscience, to the disturbance of perfect repose—are to suffer no longer from tired nature's direst enemy. The remedy is one easily compounded—olive oil and mustard, six drops of the first to each one of the latter. It is to be taken immediately before going to bed, the oil acting as lubricant upon the larynx and the mustard almost imperceptibly as a counter irritant. At last the true Britisher when dull and dormant from his too generous assaults on the famed roast beef can find his required rest, undisturbed by his own or his companion's unfortunate complaint. Then will he rise better satisfied and infinitely more capable of wrestling with those two burning questions of the day: "How to Quiet Paddy" and "What to Do with those Lords." C. F. G.

ANCIENT ORDER GOSSIP.

The revival of interest in the A.O.H. has led to considerable comment on the causes which led to temporary retirement from its very prominent position in Chicago as a benevolent organization. We also hear hopes expressed that the mistakes of the past will not be repeated. The most necessary requirement of all is confidence of the members in their officers, and confidence of the officers in the rank and file. Keep the officers informed as to the wishes of the members; see that the county board has knowledge of what is going on in every division, and see that in return the officers be guilty of no legislation which would not meet with the approval of the majority of the members in the several divisions. The writer has always had the utmost confidence in the good judgment of the rank and file of the Order, and prone to oppose hurried work on the part of the officers, rather wishing that the members would have time to think the matter over and form an opinion as to the wisdom of an undertaking before committing the Order irrevocably to the same. Another necessary quality is toleration. No large body of men come together, but that considerable warmth will evolve from the friction of opinion. Here is the pivotal point in the success of Irish organizations. We must tolerate—*our officers must tolerate; our members must tolerate!* We must give all men the same privilege so long as they do not transgress the laws of the Order. We must give all an opportunity to voice their ideas, and no matter how crudely expressed attention should be given irrespective of the individual member's personality. We want no "crush all opposition" ideas in the future management of the organization. We certainly want harmony but not at the cost of sacrifice of our independence. We want the A.O.H. managed in the interest of the members, for the elevation of the race and not for any motives calculated to benefit a class or to promote the welfare of a few individuals.

We wish well to all laboring for the Celtic race at home or abroad, but do not wish to have our power or influence used for the ends of any particular set of individuals, to the prejudice of others or the interests of the Ancient Order. We carry a banner which will not lower itself in submission to any other, no matter whether the device emblazoned on the other is, or is not, friendly. We have a broad and beaten path to follow, and it would be worse than folly to bestrew so clear a roadway with the thorns and brambles which beset the footsteps of other societies. We above all must must educate our people in fraternity—broad and generous, far-reaching and unselfish fraternity—undeceived and undeceiving fraternity. The fraternity which loving Order and Brotherhood will leap to assist when the sign of the Order calls for recognition. Fraternity which knows no distinction of class or position. Fraternity which works as earnestly for the benefit of the humble and the poor as for the further promotion of the aggressive and well-to-do. Fraternity which, jealous of the honor and purity of the organization will permit none to enter its ranks who will have selfish or unworthy motives, whose record and life are not without stain. Fraternity which will be ready to forget personal friendship and individual ambition where the welfare of the Order requires its membership to purge itself of the unworthy.

It is the writer's opinion that the future of the A.O.H. requires more thought on the part of members, more appreciation of the responsibilities of membership, more recognition of the fact that a member's duty does not end with a desultory attendance at a meeting of the Order, or payment of dues at a division meeting. They must open their eyes to the situation as it presents itself to all lovers of Faith and Motherland. See how on every side our people are being slowly pushed to the wall, the empty bubbles of political notoriety, the applause of the auditorium we indeed attain to the gratification of a few, but the masses are being forced downwards; scrambling, fighting, 'tis true, but unable through want of cohesiveness to resist the impact of the rival race which with steady, slow but irresistible force is gradually and firmly gaining control in all bodies, civic and politic. Let our thoughts be turned to consideration of the present and its doubtful future, what it means for our society and our people, and the writer believes that you will see some merit in what he has presumed to suggest in the foregoing lines, and that awakening from the lethargy which has fettered our limbs and hampered our efforts we will enter, into the grateful task of building the A.O.H. into a mighty, united fraternity, membership in which will be a guarantee as to worth and integrity, a surety that in the hour of need friends will never be wanting—an assurance that the Celt, profiting by the experience of the past, studying the success of others, has at last intrenched himself in an impregnable fortress of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. SHAUN.

DEBS AS A WITNESS

The A. R. U. Leader Before the Labor Commission.

TELLS THE STORY OF THE STRIKE.

Appeal from the Pullman Employes and Why It Was Responded To—A Conspiracy Between the Railway Managers to Reduce Wages Generally a Contributory Cause of the Trouble—All Violence and Intimidation Disclaimed.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—George M. Pullman has been asked to appear before the labor commission to give testimony as to the difficulty between himself and his employes. It was said that Chairman Wright, of the labor commission, had a personal interview on Saturday with Pullman, and informed him that he would be requested to testify. Wright positively refused to give at this time any information as to what witnesses the commission might call before it. Whether Pullman had acceded to or declined to comply with the request, and what course the commission would pursue in the event of Pullman proving contumacious, would all appear in proper time in the proceedings of the commission. It was said also that requests similar to that sent to Pullman were sent to several of the general managers.

Star Witness on the Labor Side.

E. V. Debs, president of the A. R. U., was the star witness of the day. He said he was informed early in May, while at Terre Haute, of the coming troubles at Pullman and as the A. R. U. had just won the strike on the Great Northern he was afraid the men were inclined to be rash; so he came to Chicago, examined the situation at Pullman, and "after my investigation I was satisfied that the employes were justified in striking, and I resolved as president of the American Railway union to do all in my power, under the law and in justice, to right the wrongs of those people." He then told over again the history of the strike as others had told it. He called the commission's special attention to the fact that all sessions of the American Railway Union convention were held with open doors, the representatives of the press being present.

Comes to the Fifth of His Testimony.

Witness then reached the pith of what he had to say. The strikes on the railways were not due solely to the Pullman trouble, but the railroad men had grievances of their own. Before the World's fair there had been rumors of strikes, but the American Railway Union and other railroad organizations issued orders to their members that there must be no strike or trouble during the World's fair period. The railroads promised, by implication at least, Debs said, to increase the employes' wages after the fair as a reward for their faithful service during the heavy business of the exposition. Instead of this wages were steadily and systematically reduced. Debs read from a Chicago paper of May 25, 1893, announcing the original formation of the Managers association, and commented upon the language used, claiming that the railways had combined to stop sympathetic strikes long before the American Railway Union was organized.

Fight Against Organized Labor.

It was also set out in the article read by Debs that the General Managers had organized to continue in resistance to organized labor, and they promised that whenever there was a strike on one road the other roads would come to its assistance with men, equipment and money. This was a plan, Debs contended, to drive organized labor out of existence, and showed that this organization was effected two months before the American Railway Union was instituted. The railroads at once began to reduce wages, continued Debs. The cuts were not made by wholesale. Only one road at a time and in only one department on a line was the reduction made. It began with reduction of pay of the section hands of the Louisville and Nashville system to a point where the men could earn only 67½ cents a day. Other reductions on other roads followed.

Men Were Ripe for a Strike.

The reduction of pay on the Great Northern was submitted to a board of arbitration consisting of fourteen disinterested business men of St. Paul, who decided in favor of the men on every point and restored to them $143,750 a month wages which had been taken away from them by the reduction of President Hill. On the Union Pacific road Judge Caldwell ordered the pay of the men restored, and characterized the reduction as an outrage. These two instances made the men on other roads think that the reductions of pay to which they were forced to submit were unjust. "Hence the men were ripe and anxious to do something when they came to the convention," said Debs.

HE COULDN'T ORDER STRIKES.

Denial That A. R. U. Men Did Any Intimidation or Were Riotous.

Still they wouldn't have struck if it had not been for the Pullman trouble. Debs emphasized the statement that he could not order strikes; that he had no voice in ordering them, but if he had been so empowered he would have ordered the late strike. No A. R. U. men were guilty of intimidation or violence; it was against their principles. The telegrams credited to him were not written by him, but by others and his name signed to them because they would go cheaper by wire. He did not dictate or have anything to do with those credited to him and suggestive of violence. The celebrated "buy a gun" telegram was sent by a secretary and the expression was meant for humor.

Commissioner Wright asked Debs many questions as to whether notice of the boycott was served on the railroad companies, and inquired about the date of the resolution by the general managers that they would resist the boycott, and the witness replied that the resolution was adopted on June 25, four days after the adoption of the American Railway Union resolution to boycott Pullman cars. This was considered as a recognition by the general managers of the boycott resolution. "Five days after the strike was declared we had the railroads completely beaten and at our mercy, as we believed," continued he. "They were paralyzed. They could not get men to take the places of our men who were out. Then I and my associate officials were served with a sweeping injunction issued by the United States courts restraining us from performing our functions as officials of the American Railway Union. Similar injunctions were issued at all terminal points.

"A few days afterward we were arrested for alleged contempt of court. We were unable to direct the men and that defeated the strike. It was not the army, not the soldiers, not the older organizations, but the power of the United States courts. A strike is a war—not necessarily of blood or bullets, but a war inasmuch as it is a conflict between the opposed classes in interest, and when our men lost their leaders they were demoralized and this beat us." He then complained that when General Miles returned to the city from his vacation he went to see the general managers, and was next quoted as saying he had broken the backbone of the strike. All this was "vulgarly out of place."

COMPLAINS OF DISCRIMINATION.

Cannot Get Hold of Managers' Telegrams —Fireman Forced to Work.

The General Managers' association had finally refused to accept an olive branch, even, from the A. R. U. In fact they were reported to have adopted a resolution to crush out the A. R. U. "Every telegram we sent seems to have been public property, but we have not been able to get a single one of the telegrams that passed between the general managers and Attorney General Olney," said he. "If we could do so we think we could prove every statement made here." Debs read from the American Railway Union constitution clauses declaring opposition to strikes, lockouts and boycotts and violence and disorder.

He admitted that there should be a provision for the specific punishment of members violating these provisions and that the order should take means to detect violators of the law. The means taken to prevent violence was to advise members not to commit it; they were told that they had nothing to gain by violence because that would result in calling out the troops. The A. R. U. did not object to state troops, but protested against federal troops. A. R. U. men were also taught not to intimidate.

"We told our men that we had the right to quit work and there our rights absolutely ceased; that other men had the absolute right to take their places and that any one interfering with them should be punished by our order and the civil law."

"When you say 'strike' you mean 'boycott'?" asked Commissioner Kernan.

"Yes, I believe I do, but I do not like the word boycott and I never use it if I can avoid it, because there is a wide and deep-seated hostility in this country to the word 'boycott.'"

At one time during the examination Debs remarked: "It can be proved that a fireman was compelled to go to work at the point of a federal bayonet."

"How can it be proved?" asked Commissioner Wright. "By the man who was forced."

"Who used the compulsion?" "A federal soldier."

He was requested to have the firemas brought before the commission and gave instructions to have it done.

It came out in the course of his testimony that Debs will inside of three days propose to all organized railway labor a consolidation into one body, which is to meet and elect an entirely new set of officers. He went over the attempt to obtain the co-operation of the outside labor unions and its failure and said that at the present time the labor leaders were not on the best of terms with each other.

MANAGERS NOT RESPONSIBLE.

The A. R. U. Way to Avert Strikes—As to Government Ownership.

"Do you claim," asked Wright, "that the railroads were responsible for the strike because they insisted on hauling Pullman cars?"

"No, sir. The American Railway Union was responsible for it, but under aggravating circumstances. The general managers had united to reduce wages. The employes united to resist such reductions. In the case of a reduction that leads to a strike we think the company responsible."

When asked his opinion as to methods of averting strikes he said: "My own idea, and it is the idea of the American Railway Union, is to unify all the railroad men in the country. A power like that, prudently managed, would avert strikes. Railroad managers would recognize the wisdom of treating it fairly and meeting it in a conciliatory spirit."

"Do you believe in government ownership of railroads?" asked Kernan.

"Yes sir. I believe government ownership of railroads decidedly better than railroad ownership of the government." In conclusion the witness said he believed the American Railway Union was stronger numerically and in every other way than it had ever been.

Debs was followed by First Vice Grand Master Morrissey, of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. The feeling between the two orders, he said, was not friendly. In instructions to its men regarding the strike the brotherhood took the ground of not approving the strike at Pullman or the boycott, and therefore expected its men to do their regular duty, but not to go outside of that for the purpose of doing the strikers' work.

He did not believe in sympathetic strikes, but individually the witness believed in government ownership of railroads and voluntary arbitration.

E. E. Clark, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., was the next witness. He is grand chief of the Order of Railway Conductors. He told the same story of hostility between the brotherhood and the union. This closed the hearing of witnesses for the day.

Altgeld Visits Pullman.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Governor Altgeld paid a visit to Pullman yesterday and made a personal investigation of several cases of destitution and found that the story of practical starvation had not been greatly overdrawn. Today he will receive the relief committee of the Pullman strikers, and ways and means of assisting the suffering will be discussed.

And the Governor Yet to Hear From.

SIOUX CITY, Aug. 21.—"I will not permit this prize fight to occur withing the corperate limits of Sioux City," said Mayor Fletcher, in speaking of the effort being made to get the Corbett-Jackson match here. "What is more, I doubt if it will be allowed to be fought on Iowa soil. So far as my jurisdiction is concerned I shall unalterably oppose the movement to have the battle fought here."

Captain Anson's Father Very Ill.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Captain Anson has left New York for Marshalltown, Ia., whither he was summoned by a dispatch announcing the dangerous illness of his father, the ex-mayor of that place. Captain Anson did not know how long he would be detained. His father is nearly 70 years old and has been ailing some time.

The Satanite Beats the Britannia.

PORTSMOUTH, Aug. 21.—The Satanita beat the Britannia in the race for the Albert cup at the regatta of the Royal Albert Yacht club. The course was about forty-six miles. The Albert cup is valued at $500 and last year was won by the Satanita, defeating the Navahoe, Britannia and Calluna.

ADJOURNMENT IN SIGHT

CONGRESS MAY END AT THE CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

The Senate Finance Committee Orders a Favorable Report on Tariff Bills—The House Only Waiting for the President's Action on the Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—The senate finance committee held a brief session and ordered favorable reports on the four separate tariff bills passed a week ago.

Members of congress are practically unanimous in the opinion that the present session of the Fifty-third congress will come to a close this week. All the appropriation bills are out of the way, the last conference report was agreed to by the senate on Friday, and there is nothing more to do but to dispose of such business as may be transacted while the senate and house are awaiting to agree on a date of adjournment. Twenty senators left the city last week, and there has been a remarkable exodus of house members since adjournment last Thursday.

Return of Speaker Crisp.

Speaker Crisp returned from several day's rest at Old Point Comfort, Va. He says there is no programme for the week; the house is merely waiting for the president's action on the tariff bill. Adjournment could be had by Wednesday, Crisp said, if the president should act on the bill at once. The only legislative matter pending on which action is hoped for is the alcohol bill now before the senate, but this appears to be affected by the Murphy resolution, postponing all tariff legislation, and in any event the house will not be likely to defer adjournment from the legislation.

What Ways and Means Men Say.

Members of the ways and means committee say they do not think the president will let the tariff bill become a law until the last moment in order that the customs officers may have all the information possible before putting the act into effect. This would be until midnight of Monday next, so adjournment could not come until Tuesday. Representative Tarnsney of Missouri will make no effort to push his free silver lead ore bill beyond getting it on the house calendar. He made the report, reciting the passage of the bill in the last congress and as a part of the Wilson bill. As it was evident no quorum was in the house to do business, Tarsney let the bill go over until next session.

AFFAIRS AT PULLMAN.

Governor Altgeld to Make a Personal Examination.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Governor Altgeld has come to Chicago to investigate affairs at Pullman and to determine if the condition of the destitute strikers is such as demands that the state come to their succor. Mayor Hopkins called at the governor's office in the Unity building and was in conference with him for a half hour or more. When asked what course he would pursue if he found conditions at Pullman were such as the committee which appealed to him reported the governor said:

"I cannot say what will be done until I have made a careful investigation. If I find that the people are on the point of starvation as represented I will certainly lose no time in adopting some plan to help them. Just what that plan will be I cannot state, as I have so far decided on no special course."

Debs Before the Commission.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—President Eugene V. Debs of the American Railway union gave the history of the recent railroad troubles to the strike commissioners. The attendance was the largest since the commission has been in session, and the closest attention was paid to every word of the leader of the strike. Mr. Debs' testimony was largely in the nature of a narrative. Only occasionally did Chairman Wright or Commissioner Kernan interpose questions. George M. Pullman has been notified that his presence will be required before the commission.

CARNOT'S DEATH AVENGED.

Assassin Santo's Head Cut Off by the Guillotine.

LYONS, France, Aug. 16.—Anarchist Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, was guillotined in the square in front of the prison here. Santo was led out of his cell by the guards. He trembled as he emerged from the prison and had to be assisted to the scaffold. His face was deadly pale. As he was being fastened down he cried:

"Vive l'Anarchie!"

His death was instantaneous. There was no unusual demonstration.

Battle of Fallen Timbers.

TOLEDO, Aug. 21.—About 5,000 people assembled on the battlefield of Fallen Timbers, on the Maumee river, twelve miles above this city, to celebrate the centenary of Payne's victory. Here, on Aug. 20, 1794, he defeated the Wyandot, Ottawa and Delaware Indians, breaking the power of their confederacy and securing peace to the then northwestern frontier.

Poisoned at a Banquet.

BARABO, Wis., Aug. 20.—About fifty persons were poisoned at a banquet given in honor of John Siles and wife in celebrating their golden wedding at North Freedom. Many of the guests were taken seriously ill and were saved by prompt medical aid. The poison was in the food, but how it came there is a mystery.

Jail Delivery at Keokuk.

KEOKUK, Ia., Aug. 20.—Webb, alias Hill, and three other inmates of the county jail overpowered the jailer and made their escape. Hill is the notorious forger recently arrested at Jacksonville, Ills., for swindling a Keokuk firm. He is wanted in Texas, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan for similar offenses.

Elevator Destroyed by Fire.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 20.—A special to The Tribune from Winnipeg says: Elevator No. 7 of the Northern Elevator company was destroyed by fire. It contained 60,000 bushels of oats owned by a Winnipeg syndicate. The loss will be about $40,000. Keiley & Co.'s flouring mills at Brandon were burned. Loss, $55,000.

All Troops Withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—The war department has been informed that the officials of the Union and Central railroads have expressed their ability to maintain order and has consequently withdrawn to their posts all of the troops who have been stationed along the lines since the strike began.

INDIANA DEMOCRATS.

They Meet at Indianapolis and Nominate a Ticket.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 17.—The ticket nominated by the Indiana State Democratic convention is as follows: For judge of supreme court, First district, George F. Reinhard, of Spencer county; judge of supreme court, Fourth district, Joseph S. Dailey, of Wells county; secretary of state, William R. Meyers, renominated; auditor of state, Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion county; treasurer of state, Morgan Chandler, of Hanecck county; attorney general, Francis M. Griffith, of Switzerland county; clerk of supreme court, C. A. Wellman, of Sullivan county; superintendent of public instruction, Charles Thomas; state geologist, Eli T. Jordan, of Shelby.

The platform approves the administration of President Cleveland and condemns the course of the Republican party, and especially condemning "a small coterie of senators who, masquerading as Democrats, by threats to defeat all tariff legislation have temporarily prevented the Democratic party from carrying out all of its pledges to the people for tariff reform as announced in the Democratic platform of 1892." It proceeds to congratulate congress that a substantial measure of reform has been effected and approves the action of the house of representatives in following the enactment of this law with the passage of separate acts placing sugar, iron ore and barbed wire on the free list. It especially indorses the income tax as a wise and equitable measure, also the law passed authorizing the taxation of greenbacks, and declares in favor of a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

PRESIDENT AT GRAY GABLES.

He Has Completely Recovered from His Recent Indisposition.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., Aug. 18.—President Cleveland arrived at Gray Gables and was greeted affectionally by Mrs. Cleveland and the children. He appeared to be in good health and delighted to see his family. The lighthouse tender, John Rogers, steamed into the bay past Hog island a few minutes after 9 o'clock. During the night a coal schooner had appropriated the Gray Gables mooring and the Rogers drifted idly down toward Monument beach. Then there was a slight delay when she steamed back to a point opposite the Gables and anchored.

A few minutes later President Cleveland, accompanied by Dr. O'Reilly and party, put off in a boat and were set ashore at the Gray Gables landing at 9:35. Mrs. Cleveland and the children had been signaling from the veranda of the cottage from the time the tender fleet appeared around the island, and as the president stepped ashore they hastened to meet him. To Mrs. Cleveland's inquiries for his health, the president assured her that he had recovered completely from the indisposition. The party then entered Gray Gables, where breakfast was waiting.

WRECKED BY A HORSE.

Train Thrown from the Track and Four Persons Killed.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 21.—Freight train No. 97 on the Wabash railroad struck a horse two miles west of Jonesburg, which resulted in the ditching of the locomotive and nineteen cars and the killing of Engineer C. Fulton of Moberly, Mo., and three tramps, named Birch Miller, William Andler, and J. Thompson. The following persons were also injured: Fireman Tilton, seriously; Brakeman Charles Fairbanks, left arm broken; H. Humphreys, tramp, head cut; Peter Deering, tramp, back injured; Henry Risch, tramp, leg broken, back injured; George Williams, tramp, head cut; W. Myers, tramp, bruised and head cut; William Smith, tramp, seriously hurt. The uninjured and remains of persons killed were taken to Jonesburg.

FUSION TICKET IN OHIO.

Nominated by Populists and Organized Labor Delegates.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 17.—The fusion convention of the Populists and organized labor of Ohio nominated the following state ticket: For secretary of state, Charles R. Martin of Seneca county; judge of supreme court, E. D. Stark, of Cuyahoga county; commissioner of common schools, M. J. Flannery of Green county; member of the board of public works, Joel S. Stewart of Preble City.

Martin has been a greenbacker since 1879, and all the other candidates favor the financial principles of that defunct party. Jacob S. Coxey, of commonweal fame and John McBride, president of the United Mine Workers, were present, and McBride addressed the convention.

Corea Sides with Japan.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—A dispatch to The Pall Mall Gazette from Seoul says that a remarkable fact was revealed upon the occasion of the management between the Chinese and Japanese troops at Yashan when the former were defeated. A number of Corean soldiers, by special order of the King of Corea, accompanied the Japanese troops. Some of the Coreans fled when the fighting began, but, it is added, the majority fought with the greatest bravery. According to the Seoul dispatch this fact has high political significance as showing that the King of Corea sides with Japan.

Wellman Returns to Tromsoe.

TROMSOE, Norway, Aug. 16.—Mr. Walter Wellman and party have arrived here from the arctic regions, where their steamer, the Ragnvald Jarl, was recently crushed in the ice, compelling them to abandon their attempt to reach the north pole.

Missouri Republican Ticket.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Aug. 17.—The following ticket was nominated by the Republican convention: For supreme judge, W. M. Robinson; superintendent of public instruction, J. R. Kirk; railroad commissioner, Joseph Flory.

Suicide of a Farmer.

MUSCATINE, Ia., Aug. 20.—A well-to-do German farmer named John Ribbink, aged 80, committed suicide by hanging himself in his corn crib. Family troubles are assigned as the cause.

Danville Miners Return to Work.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 21.—State President Crawford, of the Miners' union, received word from Danville, Ills., that all striking miners there have returned to work.

Young Girl Horsethief.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Aug. 20.—Flora McCrimin, a young girl of Cedarville, is in jail for stealing a horse. She was arrested once before for housebreaking.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

PANA, Aug. 18.—Two of the most romantic and sensational weddings that ever occurred in Pana are those of Miss Elsie Hansen, aged 36, to Edward Munday, aged 49, and Miss Lizzie McDermott, aged 32, to Thomas Ellison, aged 53. The weddings were duly celebrated at the respective homes of the brides, Judge William Pierce officiating. The romantic portion of these events is in the fact that Munday's present wife was the former wife of Ellison and Ellison's present wife the former wife of Munday.

Ellison was legally divorced from his first wife, now Mrs. Munday, last Wednesday, and the now Mrs. Ellison was divorced from Edward Munday also last Wednesday in the circuit court of Taylorville. Consequently, it was an exchange of wives. The contracting parties are all upon the best of terms and are intimate associates. The present Mrs. Ellison made the wedding gown of the now Mrs. Munday and vice versa, and the weddings were arranged by the contracting parties prior to securing their divorce last Wednesday.

TRAGEDY AT A REUNION.

Veteran Killed by a Tough and Two Others Badly Hurt.

OBLONG, Ills., Aug. 20.—A reunion of the Crawford county veterans of the late war which opened up here was the scene of the murder of one of the veterans, the attempted killing of another and the wounding of a third. Dave Eaton, a notorious character of the town, who has served a year in the penitentiary on a charge of larceny, made some trouble and beat an old soldier. Next morning he got into a buggy with a woman and started for the grounds, making threats he would kill some one.

On reaching the grounds he attempted to violate rules by driving in and was stopped by the guards, when he deliberately shot one of them, named Daniel McDonald, killing him instantly. Another one, named John James, was slightly wounded. A third man knocked aside his arm with a club just as he was in the act of shooting at him. Eaton then made his escape from the grounds, and, driving back toward town, was arrested by a deputy sheriff and taken by a devious route to Robinson to jail. Intense excitement prevailed among the old comrades, and had they succeeded in getting hold of him they might have lynched him at once. The woman has been arrested as an accessory.

Threshing Engine Frightened the Horses.

REDBUD, Ills., Aug. 21.—While Mrs. Conrad Younga and her nephew were returning home from church a threshing machine passed them, causing the horses attached to the carriage to run away. Mrs. Younga was thrown heavily to the ground, falling on her head. Her skull was crushed and she died instantly. The boy was also thrown out, striking on the side of his head. The fall rendered him unconscious and he cannot live.

Foresters Elect Officers.

STERLING, Ills., Aug. 17.—The high court of the Independent Order of Foresters of Illinois has elected officers as follows: High chief ranger, C. S. Beattie; high vice chief ranger, Joseph Cahill; high secretary, T. W. Saunders; high treasurer, C. S. Petrie; high medical examiner, Dr. John M. Cook. The scheme of amalgamation with the Canadian order received but little support.

Captured a Heavy Defaulter.

ALTON, Ills., Aug. 18.—Sheriff George Holtz has captured Conrad L. Neikoff, who is said to be a Chicago bank defaulter for $35,000. Neikoff has been looked for during the past eleven months and was found by the officers near Brighton, in Macoupin county, and sent to Chicago in care of Sheriff Holtz.

Prairie State's Big Wheat Crop.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 21.—The wheat crop of 1894 of Illinois is the largest since 1883 and will yield 41,315,000 bushels. Acreage sown, 2,071,354; average yield per acre, 20 bushels, the largest ever known. The northern counties raised 2,891,757; the central 20,766,133, and the southern 18,157,110.

Congressional Nomination.

LITCHFIELD, Ills., Aug. 16.—The Republicans of the Eighteenth congressional district held their convention here and nominated Hon. Fred Remann, of Fayette county, as a candidate for congress.

State Items.

The Illinois grand lodge, Sons of St. George, has elected these officers: President, James Smith, of Chicago; vice president, H. Stanton, Chicago; secretary, C. Lacey, Chicago; assistant secretary, Geo. Warr, Chicago.

A complete county ticket will be placed in the field by the Populists of Fulton county, Illinois. The candidates for the various offices will be selected at a convention held in Cuba, Aug. 28.

The annual reunion of the Fifteenth mustering district, G. A. R., began at Sumner, Ills. Mayor Stevens delivered an address of welcome, and speeches were made by Benson Wood and Professor J. R. Stout.

Deputy Sheriff A. A. Colley, of La Salle, Ills., who was shot in an attempt at arresting strikers, died at Peru.

The old residence of General Logan at Marion, Ills., was burned.

The labor unions of Peoria, Ills., will begin publishing a daily paper, to be known as The Evening Times.

A reunion of the Dooley family at Arrowsmith, Ills., brought together nearly 200 members.

P. T. Ford, an old resident of Amboy, Ills., committed suicide by hanging.

The farmer creditors of P. H. Graves met at Seneca, Ills. They agreed to let Judge Lincoln appoint the assignee. Unsecured creditors, whose claims amount to $47,500, will probably not receive over 5 cents on the dollar.

A gang of robbers following Sells Bros., circus is said to have operated at Pontiac, Ills.

Peoria, Ills., has contracted for a new city hall building to cost $115,000.

Three Children Killed by Lightning.

CLAYTON, Mo., Aug. 21.—Lightning struck the residence of James Houston while the family were eating breakfast. William, John and Mary, three children, were instantly killed and their mother fatally injured. James Slack who was in the yard near the house was severely hurt.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Salvini, the tragedian, is the only actor who was ever born in a palace.

For the week ending Saturday last there were 143 failures in England and Wales, against 179 failures for the same period of 1893.

C. A. Schmeiser has arrived in New York with a team that he drove from Texas in fifteen months.

Gold is still flowing into the bank of England. Supplies are en route from various quarters, including India.

Congressman Breckinridge made a speech in the opera house at Lexington, Ky., and at its close was presented with several baskets of flowers.

A mining suit in which $4,000,000 was involved has been decided in favor of the Consolidated Wyoming company and against the Champion.

Passage of the tariff bill by the house created great activity in the whisky trade. In one hour in Louisville 170,000 gallons were withdrawn from bond.

Four workmen engaging in constructing a flume in Granite Canon, Wy., were crushed by rocks which had been loosened by a blast.

* * *

James Douglass, colored, a non-union coal miner, was shot and killed on a Baltimore and Ohio train near Gastonville, Pa.

Marshall Boston, a negro, charged with criminal assault, was lynched at Frankfort, Ky.

The police at Brussels raided some low lodging houses and arrested forty-seven persons classed as dynamiters and thieves.

News was received in Boston of the engagement of Miss Susie Whittier, of that city, to Prince Bellocelsky, of Russia.

At Hazleton, Pa., George Kohlick accused his wife of infidelity, when she secured a butcher knife and plunged it three times into his body.

A site for the smallpox camp at Milwaukee has been selected. The disease has spread from the south side to other sections of the city.

Galvin, Kelly, Gilligan and Jennings, leaders of various divisions of Coxey's scattered army, have been secured to stump Indiana for the Populists.

E. W. Strack, lumber dealer of Fort Wayne, Ind., assigned to T. J. Logan with liabilities at $30,000.

* * *

Lennard, the American inventor of a bullet proof coat, uses a donkey to hang his patent shield upon while giving practical exhibitions of its invulnerability.

Whitelaw Reid is in very poor health, and is said to be giving but little personal attention to the management of the New York Tribune.

Ohio Democrats are talking of making Congressman P. J. Sorg, the tobaccoist, their next candidate for governor.

Albert Evans, aged 23, of Indianapolis, was run over by a freight train at Martinsville, Ind., and was killed.

J. E. Sexton, a brakeman, was killed in the yard at Laporte, Ind. He was crushed between the cars, and fell under the wheels, which passed over him.

Claude Daily of Irvington, Ind., a graduate of Butler university, was drowned while bathing in Bethany Park lake.

Two freight cars at North Manchester Ind., became loose and dashed down a grade, colliding with a Big Four train. The resulting wreck delayed traffic several hours.

* * *

Thieves carried off 849 pounds of wool from the mill of F. Gray & Co. at Piqua, Ohio.

Joseph Heisel was thrown from his wagon, receiving injuries from which he died at Mexico, Mo.

Benjamin Reed, living near Terre Haute, Ind., was arrested on suspicion of having murdered a man named Henderson.

Asa S. Pierce, a farmer, was killed at Connersville, Ind., by being thrown from his wagon.

The Anderson (Ind.) Flint Bottle company will start its plant Sept. 1. This plant is the largest in the west.

Mrs. M. Brown of Omaha was fatally burned by a gasoline explosion. She attempted to fill the tank without turning off the flames.

Albert Ailse of Defiance, O., was fatally injured in a quarrel with his brother Lafayette, who gave himself up.

An explosion of a fireworks factory at Konigsberg, Prussia, killed three persons and wounded several others.

Gould's yacht, the Vigilant, was defeated by the Satanita and Britannia in the race for the Town cup of Ryde.

* * *

Ex-Congressman John Mercer Langston, colored, of Virginia is writing a novel.

Sam M. Clark has retired temporarily from the editorial management of the Keokuk Gate City to devote all his time to the congressional campaign as the Republican candidate in the First Iowa district.

Harvey Beard, trustee of Jefferson township, Whitley county, Ind., is short in his accounts about $1,200.

Trainmen left a torpedo on the track near Beattie, Kas. Three boys exploded it with a spade and all were more or less injured.

Moonshiners in Russell county, Va., attempted to lynch C. C. Clapp, a deputy United States marshal, but were thwarted and arrests were made.

The late John Quincy Adams was known as the "farmer" of the Adams family. He had one of the model farms of Massachusetts.

Webb, alias Hill, wanted in various states for passing worthless checks, escaped from jail at Keokuk, Ia.

Swelling in the Neck

"Large knots of scrofula nature came on my wife's neck for four years. When she had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, we could see the swelling was going down. Now the glands have assumed their natural appearance and she is

Entirely Free

from this trouble. Our children were afflicted with spells of malaria every fall but this season they have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has purified their blood, built them up, and they have been free from all illness this winter." E. M. BLACKBURN, Oregon, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

TWO SOLDIERS.

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER III.

"I don't know how to tell you how I regret having to say 'No,' Mr. Lane."

Never before had Fred Lane known the sensation of being reluctant to rejoin his regiment. When the colonel wrote a personal letter to him some eight or ten weeks previous, telling him that Curran would almost surely get the next vacancy on the retired list and that he would expect his old adjutant to come back to them at once and restore efficiency and discipline to troop D, Mr. Lane replied with the utmost readiness; but this was before Mabel Vincent came into his life and changed its whole current. How much and how devotedly he loved her Lane himself never realized until the day of his promotion reached him, and with it the news that his successor was already designated. He knew that within the week he might expect orders from the war department to join his troop at Fort Graham as soon as he had turned over his funds and property to the officer designated to relieve him; he knew Noel so well as to feel assured that he would not wait for the arrival of formal orders, but, if the colonel would permit, would start the instant he received telegraphic notification from Washington that "Old Riggs'" nomination had been approved. "This is Wednesday," he mused; "and by a week from today I can count on his being here; and in ten days I must go."

There was a large party that night, and, fully a week before, he had asked that he might have the honor of being Miss Vincent's escort. It was with great disappointment that he received her answer, which was spoken, however, in a tone of such sorrow that poor Lane felt that the barbs, at least, of the arrow had been removed.

"I don't know how to tell you how I regret having to say 'No,' Mr. Lane," she said, and there was a tremor in her voice and a little quiver at the corners of her pretty mouth. "I have almost felt confident that you were going to ask me—is that a very bold thing to say?—for you have been so—so kind to me since our first meeting, and indeed I wanted in some way to let you know that there were other arrangements already made. But how could I say anything? Mr. Rossiter, the eldest son of father's former partner, comes to pay us a visit of four or five days before he goes abroad again. And he is a great friend of the Chiltons, and, being our guest, he goes with me. Indeed, I'm very sorry, Mr. Lane, if you are disappointed."

Fred, of course, begged that she should give herself no uneasiness. There was no other girl whom he had thought of taking. Mr. Rossiter was very much to be envied, and he would like to call and pay his respects to that gentleman when he arrived. "By all means do," said Miss Vincent; and, if not asking too much, would Mr. Lane get him a card at the club? Brother Rex was away, or she wouldn't trouble him. But Lane was delighted to be troubled. Anything she asked—any service he could render her—he flew with untold eagerness to accomplish; and, though properly jealous of the coming man—this Mr. Rossiter, of whom he had never before heard mention—he was eager to meet and entertain him. The gentleman was to arrive on Monday, and Lane spent a delightful evening at the Vincents', wondering why he hadn't come. Tuesday would surely bring him, or an explanation, said Miss Mabel; and on Tuesday Lane was prompt to call, and glad to spend another long evening at the hospitable old homestead, and stoutly did he hold his ground through three successive relays of visitors, encouraged to do so by a certain look in his lady's bright eyes that spoke volumes to his throbbing heart, and that very next morning at the club he found her dainty missive on his breakfast table.

How early she must have risen to write it!—and to have seen the announcement of his promotion in the Washington dispatches! True, he remembered that it was frequently her pleasure to be up betimes to give her father his coffee; for Vincent pere was a business man of the old school, who liked to begin early in the day. Of course he had seen the name in the Washington news and had read the paragraph to her; that was the way to account for it. But her note was a joy to him in its sweet, half shy, half confidential wording. She merely wrote to say that Mr. Rossiter had wired that he would be detained in New York until the end of the week; and now, if Capt. Lane had really made no engagement, she would be glad indeed if he cared to renew the invitation which with such regret she was compelled a week ago to decline. Lane totally forgot his breakfast in his haste to rush to the writing room and send her a reply.

All "The Queen City" had been quick to see or hear of his "sudden smite" and consequent devotion to Mabel Vincent, and great was the speculation as to the probable result.

"How can she encourage him as she does? What can she see in that solemn prig?" indignantly demanded Miss Fanny Holton, who had shown a marked interest in Mr. Lane during his first six months in society and had danced with him all through the season. "He is one of the forlornest, stupidest men I ever knew—utterly unlike what I supposed a cavalry officer to be."

"And yet, Fanny dear, you were very much taken up with him the first winter—last year, I mean," was the reply of her most devoted and intimate friend.

"What an outrageous fib! I wasn't, and, if I was, it was because I wanted to draw him out—do something to enliven him. Of course I danced with him a great deal. There isn't a better dancer in town, and you know it, Maud; you've said so yourself time and again."

"Well, you didn't draw him out—nor on. But the moment he sees Mabel Vincent he falls heels over head in love with her. Why, I never saw a man whose every look and word so utterly 'gave him away,'" was Miss Maud's characteristic and slangy reply. "And it's my belief she'll take him, too. She likes him well, and she says he knows more than any other man she has ever met.

"He has money, too, and can resign and live here if she wants him to," went on Miss Maud after a pause which, oddly enough, her friend had not taken advantage of.

"You don't know anything about what Mabel Vincent will or won't do, Maud. I've known her years longer than you have, and, though I'm awfully fond of her, and wouldn't have this repeated for the world—and you must swear never to repeat it to anybody—I know her so well that I can say she doesn't know her own mind now and would change it in less than six months if she did. She is as fickle in love as in her friendships; and you can't have forgotten how inseparable you and she were for three months at Mme. Hoffman's, and then how she fastened on Katherine Ward. I don't care a snap of my finger whom Mr. Lane chooses to fall in love with, but if it's Mabel Vincent he'd better insist on a short engagement and stand guard over her with his sword in the meantime. It's 'out of sight out of mind' with her, and has been ever since she was 4 years old."

And so in the smoking room at the club and in the feminine cliques and coteries in society the probability of Mabel Vincent's accepting Lieut. Lane was a matter of frequent discussion. But of all this chit-chat and speculation Capt. Lane stood in profound ignorance as he entered his dark office that drenching Wednesday morning with her precious note in his waistcoat pocket. He neither knew nor cared what old Vincent was worth; all he wanted was Mabel's own sweet self, for he loved her with his whole heart and soul, with all the strength and devotion of his deep and loyal nature. He could hardly control his voice so as to speak in the conventional official tone to the sergeant in charge as the latter saluted him at the doorway and made the customary report of the presence of the detachment. Lane stepped into his little dressing room and quickly appeared in his neat fatigue uniform. There wasn't a ghost of a chance of would be recruits wandering in that day; but he was a stickler for discipline. He required his men to be always in their appropriate uniform, and never neglected wearing his own while in the office; yet in all the Queen City no one but his little party, the applicants for enlistment and the few citizens who came in on business, had ever seen him except in civilian dress.

"These reports and returns all go in tomorrow, I believe?" said Lane to his sergeant.

"They do, sir."

"Well, will you take them in to the clerk again," said Lane, blushing vividly, "and tell him to alter that 'first lieutenant' to 'captain' wherever it occurs? The—official notification is just here," he added, almost apologetically.

"Sure I'm glad to hear it, sir. All the men will be glad, sir, and I'm proud to think that I was the first man to salute the captain today," was the sergeant's delighted answer. "I'll call Taintor in at once."

But Lane was blissfully thinking of the little note, now transferred to the breast pocket of his uniform blouse, and of how not his honest old sergeant but sweet Mabel Vincent was the first to hail him by his new title, and in thinking of the note and of her he failed to notice that, so far from coming at once, it was fully ten or fifteen minutes before Taintor, the clerk, put in an appearance, and when he did that his face was ashen gray and his hand shook as though with palsy.

"The sergeant will tell you what is to be done with the papers, Taintor," said Lane, conscious that he was blushing again, and consequently striving to appear engrossed in the morning paper. The man picked them up one after another and without a word; he dropped one to the floor in his nervousness, but made a quick dive for it, and then for the door, as though fearful of detention. He hurried through the room in which the sergeant and one or two men were seated, and, reaching his big desk at a rear window, where he was out of sight, dropped the papers on the floor and buried his face in his shaking hands.

A few minutes later the sergeant, coming into the little cubby hole of a room in which Taintor had preferred to do his work, found him with his arms on the desk and his face hidden in them, and the soldier clerk was quivering and twitching from head to foot.

"What's the matter with you, Taintor?" growled the old soldier. "Didn't you promise me you'd quit drinking?"

The face that looked up into his was ghastly.

"It isn't drink, sergeant," moaned the man. "At least, I haven't exceeded for a month. I've got a chill—an ague of some kind. Just let me run down to the drug store and get some quinine—with perhaps a little brandy. Then I can do this work. Do, sergeant. I won't abuse your kindness."

"Well, go, then," was the reluctant answer; "but get back quick. And only one drink, mind you."

Taintor seized his cap and fairly tottered through the adjoining room to the stairway, down which he plunged madly, and, heedless of the pelting rain, darted across the street to the gas lighted bar room.

"There's something worse than either whisky or ague back of this," muttered the veteran sergeant, "and I could swear to it."

CHAPTER IV.

"My cousin, Mr. Withers," said Noel.

Capt. Lane, as has been said, allowed until the following Wednesday for the arrival of his regimental comrade, Mr. Noel. He was not a little surprised, however, on the following Tuesday morning, as he sat at breakfast at the club, glancing over the morning paper, to come upon the following announcement:

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

Our readers will be interested in knowing that Capt. Gordon Noel, of the Eleventh United States cavalry, has been ordered on duty in this city, in charge of the cavalry rendezvous on Spangler street. Capt. Noel comes to us with a reputation that should win instant recognition and the heartiest welcome from the Queen City. For nearly fifteen years he has served with his gallant regiment, and has been prominent in every one of the stirring campaigns against the hostile Indians of our western frontier. He has fought almost every savage tribe on the continent; was disabled in the Modoc campaign in '73, commanded the advance guard of his regiment that reached the scene of the Custer massacre only just in time to rescue the remnant of the regiment from a similar fate, and for his services on that campaign was awarded the compliment of staff duty in the city of Washington. At his own request, however, he was relieved from this, and rejoined his regiment when hostilities were threatened in Arizona two years ago. And now, as a reward for gallant and distinguished conduct in the field, he is given the prized recruiting detail. Capt. Noel is the guest of his cousin, the Hon. Amos Withers, at his palatial home on the Heights; and our fair readers will be interested in knowing that he is a bachelor, and, despite his years of hardship, danger and privation, is a remarkably fine looking man.

It is understood that Lieut. Lane, the present recruiting officer, has been ordered to return to his regiment at once, although the time has not yet expired.

In the expression on Capt. Lane's face as he finished this item there was something half vexed, half comical.

A few hours afterwards, while he was seated in his office, the orderly entered, and announced two gentlemen to see the captain. Lane turned to receive his visitors, but before he could advance across the dark room the taller of the two entering the door made a spring towards him, clapped him cordially on the back, and, with the utmost delight, shouted, "How are you, old fellow? How well you're looking! Why, I haven't set eyes on you since we were out on the field hunting up old Geronimo's trail! By Jove! but I'm glad to see you!" And Lane had no difficulty in recognizing at once his regimental comrade Gordon Noel.

"Let me present you to my cousin, Mr. Withers," said Noel.

And a stout, florid man, whom Lane had so often seen at the club, but to whom he had never hitherto been made known, bowed with much cordiality and extended his hand.

"I didn't know," said he, "that you were a friend of Noel's, or I'd have come to see you before, and invited you to my house."

"Friend!" exclaimed Noel. "Friend! Why, we've been partners and chums! Why, we've been all over this continent together, Withers! Fred, do you remember the time we were up on the Sioux campaign?—the night I went over with those fellows to hunt up the trail to the Custer ground? Let's see, you were acting adjutant then, if I recollect right. Oh, yes; you were back with the colonel."

Lane received his guests with perfect courtesy, but without that overweening cordiality which distinguished the other's manner, and then Mr. Withers entered into the conversation. Turning to Capt. Lane, he said:

"I didn't know that you had been on the Sioux campaign. Were you there, too?"

Lane replied quietly that he had been with his regiment through that year—in fact, had never been away from it for any length of time, except on this detail which had brought him to his old home.

"Oh, yes; I remember having heard that this was your home. I am very sorry indeed that you did not make yourself known to me before," said Mr. Withers. "You know that I am a very busy man and don't get around much. Now you can come and dine with us this evening, can you not? Mrs. Withers will certainly expect you, now that Noel is here."

"I am very sorry indeed, Mr. Withers, but I am already engaged."

"You must make early bids if you want to get this young man, Amos," put in Mr. Noel, affectionately patting Lane on the shoulder. "It was just so in the regiment. He was always in demand. Well, when can you come, Fred? What evening shall we say?"

"It will depend, perhaps, on the day I turn over the property to you. How soon do you wish to take hold?"

"Oh, any time. Any day. Whenever you're ready."

"I'm ready now, today, if you choose," was Lane's prompt response. "I fancied you might be here by to-morrow."

"Yes, you bet I didn't let the grass grow under my feet. The moment we got the telegraphic notification that the colonel's nomination was approved, I lit out for the railroad," said Noel, laughing gleefully.

"And when will you come in and take over the property? There's a good deal of clothing to be counted. As for the funds, they, of course, are all in the bank."

"Suit yourself about that, Freddy, old boy. I'm going down street with Amos now. How'll to-morrow morning do?"

"Very well indeed. You will find me here any time you come in."

"All right. Now get out of your yellow stripes and come along down with us. The carriage is right here at the door. We're going over to see the works—Mr. Withers' foundries, you know. Come."

"Yes, come with us. I think I have heard it was your father who—ah—who was in the same line of business at one time, Mr. Lane," said Mr. Withers.

"Captain Lane, Amos!—Captain Lane! Great Scott! you mustn't 'mister' a man who has been through the years of service he has."

"I beg pardon. I did not so understand you, Gordon, when we were talking last night with the—when we were having our smoke and chat after dinner. You will come with us, won't you, captain?"

"I wish I could, Mr. Withers, but my office hours have to be observed, and I cannot leave in the morning. Thank you heartily none the less. Then you will be here to-morrow, Noel?"

"To-morrow be it, Fred; so au revoir, if you can't join us. I mustn't keep Withers waiting—business man, you know. God bless you, old fellow; you don't begin to realize how delighted I am to see you! So long."

"But about dining with us, Captain"——

"Oh, Lord, yes!" burst in Noel. "What evening, now? I'd almost forgotten. Getting in among bricks and mortar addles my head. 'Tisn't like being out in the saddle with the mountain breezes all around you; hey, Fred? Gad! I don't know whether I can stand this sort of thing, after our years of campaigning." And the lieutenant looked dubiously around upon the dark and dingy walls and windows.

"Suppose we say Thursday evening, captain," suggested Mr. Withers: "and I'll have just a few friends to meet you two army gentlemen."

"I shall be very happy, Mr. Withers."

"Good! That's the talk, Fred!" heartily shouted the lieutenant, bringing his hand down with a resounding whack between Lane's shoulder blades. "Now we are off! Come along, Amos." And the cousins disappeared down the dark stairway and popped into the carriage.

"Not a very demonstrative man, your friend the captain, but seems to be solid," was Mr. Withers' remark.

"Oh, yes. He is about as solid as they make them," answered Noel, airily. "Lane has his faults, like most men. It is only those who really know him, who have been associated with him for years, and whom he trusts and likes, that are his friends. Now, I'd go through fire and water for him, and he would for me—but of course you wouldn't think it, to see his perfectly conventional society manner this morning. If I had left you down at the foot of the stairs and had stolen up on tiptoe and gone over and put my arms round his neck, you would probably have found us hugging each other and dancing about that room like a couple of grizzly bears when you came up, and the moment he caught sight of you he would have blushed crimson and got behind his ice screen in a second. You just ought to have seen him the night we met each other with our detachments down near Guadalupe Canyon when we were hunting Geronimo. Some d—d fool of a ranchman had met him and said I was killed in the little affair we had with the Apache rear guard. Why, I was perfectly amazed at the emotion he showed. Ever since then I've sworn by Fred Lane; though, of course, he has traits that I wish he could get rid of."

"Good officer, isn't he?"

"Ye—es, Lane isn't half a bad soldier. Of course it remains to be seen what sort of captain he will make. He has only just got his troop."

"But I mean he—well—is a brave man; has shown up well in these Indian fights you were telling us about."

"H'm!" answered Noel, with a quiet little chuckle. "If he wasn't, you bet he wouldn't have been all these years in the Eleventh. A shirk of any kind is just the one thing we won't stand. Why, Amos, when old Jim Blazer was our colonel during those years of the Sioux and Cheyenne and Nez Perce wars he ran two men out of the regiment simply because they managed to get out of field duty two successive years. Oh, no! Lane's all right as a soldier, or he wouldn't be wearing the crossed sabers of the Eleventh."

Mr. Withers listened to these tales of the doings and sayings of the regiment with great interest. "Lane might have been here a dozen years," said he to himself, "and no one in our community would have known anything at all about the dangers his comrades and he had encountered in their frontier service. It's only when some fellow like Noel comes to us that we learn anything whatever of our army and its doings."

He took his cousin to the great molding works of which he was the sole head and proprietor, and presented his foremen and his clerks to the captain, and told them of his career in the Indian wars on the frontier, and then upon 'change, and proudly introduced "my cousin, Capt. Noel," to the magnates of the Queen City; and, though not one out of a dozen was in the least degree interested in "the captain" or cared a grain of wheat what the army had done or was doing on the frontier, almost every man had time to stop and shake hands cordially with the handsome officer, for Amos Withers was said to be a man whose check for a round million would be paid at sight, and anybody who was first cousin to that amount of "spot cash" was worth stopping to chat with, even in the midst of the liveliest tussle 'twixt bull and bear on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce. A tall, gray haired gentleman, with a slight stoop to his shoulders and rather tired, anxious eyes, who listened nervously to the shouts from "the pit" and scanned eagerly the little telegraphic slips thrust into his hand by scurrying messenger boys, was introduced as Mr. Vincent, and Mr. Vincent inquired if Noel knew Lieut.—or, rather, Capt.—Lane.

"Know Fred Lane? He is the best friend I have in the world," was the enthusiastic answer, "and one of the best men that ever lived."

"Ah! I'm glad to know you—glad to know what you say. The captain is a constant visitor at our house, a great friend of ours in fact. Ah! excuse me a moment." And Mr. Vincent seized a certain well known broker by the arm and murmured some eager inquiries in his ear, to which the other listened with ill-disguised impatience.

Withers and, of course, "the captain," were the center of a cordial—not to say obsequious—group so long as they remained upon the floor, and the secretary presently came to them with the compliments of the president and a card admitting Capt. Gordon Noel to the floor of the chamber at any time during business hours, which that officer most gracefully acknowledged, and then went on replying to the questions of his new friends about the strange regions through which he had scouted and fought, and the characteristics of the Indian tribes with whom he had been brought in contact. And by the time Cousin Amos declared they must go up to the club for luncheon everybody was much impressed by the hearty, jovial manner of the dashing cavalryman, and there were repeated hand shakes, promises to call, and prophecies of a delightful sojourn in their midst as he took his leave.

"Has Capt. Lane come in yet to lunch?" inquired Mr. Withers of the liveried attendant at "The Queen City," as his cousin inscribed his name and regiment in the visitors' book, as introduced by "A. W.," in ponderous strokes of the pen.

"No, sir. It's considerably past the time the gentleman generally comes. I don't think he'll be in today, sir."

"Then we won't wait, Gordon. We'll order for two. What wine do you like?"

* * * * * * *

Over at the dingy recruiting office Capt. Lane had forgotten about luncheon. There were evidences of carelessness on the part of the clerk who had made out his great batch of papers, and the further he looked the more he found. The orderly had been sent for Taintor, and had returned with the information that he was not at his desk. Sergt. Burns, when called upon to explain how it happened that he allowed him to slip away, promptly replied that it was half-past 11 when he came out of the captain's office and said that the captain would want him all the afternoon, so he had best go and get his dinner now. Half-past 12 came, and he did not return. The sergeant went after him, and came back in fifteen minutes with a worried look about his face to say that Taintor had not been to dinner at all, and that the door of the little room he occupied was locked. He had not been in the house since 8 that morning.

"I'm afraid, sir, he's drinkin' again," said Burns; "but he's so sly about it I never can tell until he is far gone."

"You go out yourself, and send two of the men, and make inquiries at all his customary haunts," ordered Lane. "I will stay here and go through all these papers. None are right so far. He never failed me before; and I do not understand it at all."

But when night came Taintor was still missing—had not been seen nor heard of—and Capt. Lane had written a hurried note to the lady of his love to say that a strange and most untoward case of desertion had just occurred which necessitated his spending some time with the chief of police at once. He begged her to make his excuses to her good mother for his inability to come to dinner. Later in the evening he hoped to see her.

"P. S.—Gordon Noel, who is to relieve me, has arrived. I have only three or four days more."

"Gordon Noel!" said Miss Vincent, pensively. "Where have I heard of Gordon Noel?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

L. Silva, convicted of embezzling $100,000 from the Rainwater-Bradford Hat company at St. Louis, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but released on bond pending appeal.

While driving a pair of spirited colts near Bellaire, O., John Kabel, a farmer, and Mrs. Hook, wife of an engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio, were killed.

The senate has passed Durborow's bill to transfer the Columbia caravels to the city of Chicago in trust for the Columbian museum.

Goldwin Smith is said to have in hand a criticism of W. T. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," will be issued soon in one of the English reviews.

Edward Myers of Terbune, Ind., jumped from a passenger train near Creston, Ind., and was killed

His Unlucky Day.

"I tell you what it is," said a man. "I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular day for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for 20 years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin any enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but potter around the house. Even in these little affairs everything goes wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:

"Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.

"Fell down cellar stairs with coal scuttle.

"Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying stepladder.

"Sat down on chair where children had been pulling taffy.

"Got swindled by peddler.

"Got thumb pinched in gate.

"Received summons to serve on special jury.

"Forgot all about it.

"Was fined £10.

"Income tax man called.

"While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on dining table.

"Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked 15 minutes of midnight. Laid still till clock struck 12. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday ushered in would have broken neck."—Exchange.

Hot Name Stones From Heaven.

The Mohammedans speak of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah as "the falling of the redhot name stones." They say that when Lot had made a dead failure of his attempt to convert the Sodomites God sent Gabriel and two other angels to destroy them. Gabriel was directed to creep under the foundations of the wicked cities, and then, by suddenly straightening his form, lift the cities high in the air and let them fall to the earth in ruins. After this great overthrow, so the Koran says, "God showered down upon them hot, burning stones, baked in furnaces of hell. On each stone the name of some guilty one was written, and on him it fell. In a like manner all who were out of the cities at the time of the overthrow were destroyed." One Sodomite, who chanced to be in the temple at Mecca at the time his city, was overtaken with the dreadful semihistorical catastrophe, resolved to remain in the sacred edifice (the Mohammedans claim that the temple at Mecca was built by Abraham, and that no harm can possibly befall it or any one within its holy inclosures) until the crimes which he had committed should be forgotten. He remained there 40 years, piously praying and keeping fast days, but no sooner did he leave its holy shelter than he was struck down and killed by one of the burning "name stones."—St. Louis Republic.

The Use of Woods.

Furniture manufacturers are now using mahogany more than ever, especially in chairs, and it is used also in house trim. Perhaps the most popular wood of the moment for interior uses, house trim and furniture is American birch, the use of which is increasing largely. It comes from Canada and from New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It costs about one-third the price of mahogany. Good mahogany sells at 18 to 30 cents a square foot. American birch has been growing in favor for five years, to some extent on account of the increasing scarcity and higher prices of cherry, another popular wood, which many would now prefer but for its cost. Cherry now sells at about two-thirds the price of mahogany. Oak is used for house trim, both quartered and plain, and other popular woods are cypress, sycamore, maple, ash, elm and hazel wood. Black walnut, so generally used 20 years ago, is still used somewhat.—New York Sun.

A Rose That Is Not a Rose.

The common tuberose is an excellent illustration of a popular misnomer. The plant is not a rose at all and has no connection with the rose family. Its name is a corruption. The French gardeners always call it tubereuse, or tuber plant, and the latter part of the name was corrupted by ignorant persons into tuberose. The similarity of sound no doubt led to the change of name and consequent mistake, similar instances having often occurred.—Philadelphia Press.

His Diagnosis.

She—I have got four new wrinkles in my face since I married you.

He—Too bad! I presume it comes from worrying over milliners' bills which I can't pay.—New York Weekly.

Sugar.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which we class among the indispensable necessaries, was wholly unknown to the ancient nations. The word "saccharum" occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word "sugar" is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contemporaneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in (from) reeds" and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Arabia Felix.

Statius, in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies, mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds."

Dioscorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds without bees," and Strabo, writing concerning it, says, "They (the people of Arabia Felix) make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."—St. Louis Republic.

THE CITIZEN.

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Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 25, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Amazons."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"New Blood."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Flams."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

HAYLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Lost Paradise."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLAND'S POLICY OF SELFISHNESS.

For about two centuries—or since the reign of William and Mary—England has devoted herself to the wholesale and retail robbery of Ireland, generally by process of what is called "law" by the English historians. A more shameful record of official villainy it would be difficult to show up than the system of English government in the subject island. Plunder, confiscation, the destruction of trade, the reduction of the vanquished nation to a condition of helpless vassalage—except on the rare occasions when England, because of foreign trouble, was obliged to relinquish her hold in greater or less degree—have been pursued with fiendish persistency by successive British ministries. Whig rule has been even worse than Tory rule—if that were possible—during all these miserable generations. William III, Anne, and two of the Georges were representatives of the Whig party. George III was the first Brunswick Tory. His abominable son, George IV, was a recreant Whig, or "Liberal." William IV had hardly mind enough to know which party he belonged to, while Victoria began as a Melbourne Whig, and is ending as a Salisbury Tory. Throughout all their reigns, however, Irish prosperity has steadily declined, and no reign has been so fatal to it as that of the present aged and flinty hearted daughter of the execrable Guelphs. The *Irish Independent* of the 8th inst. has an editorial on the slavish policy of the so-called Federationists (McCarthyites) in which it says:

"Now we all know—every man who is not a fool knows—that home rule will be obtained for Ireland as soon as the English party in office at the time concludes that home rule is the winning game for them. The English people do not care a pennyworth of snuff about Ireland. What they want is the advancement of English ideas in regard to their own affairs. The government has endeavored to meet their views—and to leave Ireland out in the cold—and the representatives of Ireland in the imperial parliament have tamely acquiesced in this interpretation of their duties. For instance, out of the £300,000 or more that is to be drawn from Ireland as an extra contribution to the navy, not a sixpence will be spent in Ireland. What is more, the old system of withdrawing ships from the Irish stations on the eve of 'pay-day,' so that the necessary expenditures and extravagances of the seamen might benefit English ports, is still continued. We have to pay; and Englishmen—be they tradesmen, artificers, or what-not—enjoy the division of the spoil. The Englishman wins and the Irishman suffers. That may be considered a very small matter, comparatively, but it shows us whither the tendency of our latterday politics actually points. The Irish Whigs have ceased to think of Ireland a Nation; they think more of Ireland as West Britain. The Parnellites of the fighting days have not forgotten the past, and they do not view with any equanimity the plausible pretenses that are set forth for their deception in the speeches of the Irish Whigs. What a contrast with the times of Parnell!"

Well, what would the *Independent* have? It is trite to say that leaders are born not made. Parnell was a born leader. His place cannot be supplied until certain men now prominent in Irish affairs efface themselves or are effaced by the action of the indignant people. Parnell himself rose to power on the ruins of Butt and Shaw. He completely outshone them, and they had to give way. A man will yet arise in Ireland under whom all can unite, and then the little "leaders" who now stand in their country's light for selfish purposes will be obliterated. What Ireland most needs at the next general election is a change all around. Nine-tenths of the old parliamentarians, at least, should be retired, and, with new blood, will come a new chief who may improve even upon the masterful tactics which made Parnell the driver of the English Whigs.

THE "NEW WORLD'S" TOUCHING FAITH.

We find in editorial notes of our tranquil contemporary the *New World* of the 18th inst the following significant statement:

"We have always held to the opinion that the English oligarchy in their policy of insolent tyranny towards Ireland, did not represent the democracy of England. We have clung to the hope that the democracy of England would recognize that it had no quarrel with the people of Ireland: that the bitterness and the hate had been created and fostered by the Irish oligarchy, backed up by the oligarchy of England: that this had been done deliberately and for selfish ends: and that the true interests of the two peoples called for friendship and not for hate. We have hoped that the people of England would recognize these things, and that, when now at last political power has been put in their hands, they would use it to end the long strife of centuries, and bring about a great reconciliation. In all this we may have been mistaken. We may have been living in a fool's paradise. The decision, which will show either that we were right or that we were wrong, cannot now be long deferred. The democracy of England can have either peace or war. Let them take their choice. Their house of lords will tell them that they have held down Ireland in the past, and can continue to hold her down in the future. That may be; but, with all their pretense of scornful indifference, even the English aristocrats cannot pretend to believe that it is better to have Ireland a source of weakness than a source of strength to the empire. They may hold her down easily in time of peace, but they cannot contemplate with entire equanimity the prospect of having, for an indefinite time to come, to calculate on using a considerable portion of their force to hold her down in time of war."

It would give us great satisfaction to sincerely share our charitable contemporary's estimate of the alleged English democracy. Yet Cromwell and Ireton were democrats, and what is their Irish record? It may be said that times have changed since the days of those human tigers. Now we do not deny the ordinary social virtues of civilized humanity to the average modern Englishman. We have met him socially and professionally and have found him anything but disagreeable—except when the Irish question happened to come up. Then he immediately ceased to be a desirable associate. How many exceptions there may be to the all but universal rule we know not. Probably there are some, but, corporatively, the English democracy has no love for Ireland or the Irish. We have no faith in the common people of England. They may be honest in ordinary business transactions, but they have always stood by their government, whether it happened to be Whig or Tory, in all its robberies of weaker peoples, glorified by the name of conquests. We have as little faith in the democracy as in the aristocracy of England when Ireland is under discussion.

As we understand the *New World*, it will give up all hope of peaceful accommodation between England and Ireland if at the coming general election the former fails to return a majority of home rule members. Well, considering the indulgent opinion our contemporary entertains of the English masses, this is as far as it could be expected to go. But, when home rule is rejected, as it will be in all human probability by the English democracy, what policy will the *New World* advocate? THE CITIZEN will await the developments that must follow the defeat of the "Liberals" with a very natural degree of curiosity.

RETREAT OF THE KILKENNYS.

The Kilkenny *Journal*, of Aug. 1, has the following: "During the past week Rev. Father Spence, O.P., Black Abbey, at the request of the Bishop, gave a three days' retreat to the Catholic soldiers belonging to the Fifth Battalion Royal Irish, at present encamped near Three Castles. The retreat was conducted in Tullow chapel, Colonel Cahill affording every facility to the men to attend. Father Spence was assisted by Rev. Father Murphy, Freshford; Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. Father Downey, Tullaroan; Rev. Father Doyle, and Rev. Father Fogarty. The retreat proved to be a most pronounced success, and it was a most gratifying sight to see the large number of soldiers that went to confession on Saturday, and approached the altar for holy communion on the following morning."

This is all right, and edifying, from a religious standpoint, although we doubt the salvation of any Irishman who swears allegiance to England, but it seems to us it was not the first time the Irish militia retreated at the behest of the priests. The North Cork, for example, "ran like the divil" before Father John Murphy's pikemen at Oulart Hill, and Father Phil Roche "made hares of" several other distinguished militia corps all through the county Wexford. The Irish militia were infamous in '98. "The scoundrels," says Wolfe Tone in his Memoirs, "to fight against their country!" They were not all Protestants who did it either. The Fifth Battalion of the "Royal Irish" regiment is composed of the Kilkenny militia. If we are not mistaken that regiment distinguished itself as a sprinter at the "races of Castlebar" when the French and Irish got after it. That retreat, also, was "a most pronounced success." Retreating must come easy to the Kilkennys.

THE KOREAN KINGDOM.

Great public interest centres at present in Corea, or Korea, as it is mostly written abroad, because of the war raging between China and Japan for the possession of that unhappy "kingdom." Until lately, comparatively little has been known of that country, but at present nearly everybody has something to say about it. Korea has been visited by very few Europeans, and still fewer Americans, and does not seem to be a particularly desirable place to live in. Capt. Cavendish, an English traveler, has recently published in London an entertaining book, entitled "Korea and the Sacred White Mountain," in which he throws considerable light on the social and political condition of the kingdom. Among other things Capt. Cavendish tells us that "Soul, pronounced Sowl by foreigners, but So-ul by the natives, is the capital of Korea and of the province of Kyong Kwi, and it is also called Han Yang, from the river Han close by. It has over 30,000 houses, with a population of about 250,000, and covers, within its walls, an area of ten miles. It is as much the heart of Korea, or rather more so, as Paris is the heart of France. It is the object of every Korean gentleman to live in the capital, for there every pleasure and vice is more easy of attainment; the chances of getting favorite posts by judicious flattering and canvassing of superiors are multiplied, while the finest and best of the native and foreign produce is to be procured. There is to be found the fountain head of official corruption and 'squeezing,' for every member of the well-born class spends his time in seeking his share of the loaves and fishes of dishonesty (in a European sense); there lives the king, the lord of the 10,000 Islands, the Son of Heaven, the Father of his People; the Sun of Royalty is felt to vivify and illumine each inhabitant of Soul, be he ever so humble. The contempt shown for provincial life by all officials and every Soul-born man is most amusing. The acceptance of office in the provinces is merely a means to an end—that is, the amassing of wealth, which may be spent in the pleasures of this life in the capital of Korea. The darkest side of the picture lies in the crowded collection of houses, swarming with human (and insect) life, absolutely devoid of even elementary sanitation: where the use of soap and water is confined to a few of the higher classes; where disease and vice have lived in close partnership for several hundred years; where dishonesty and oppression are carried to their utmost limits; where torture and cruelty exercise full sway; and where private and political intrigues hamper and hinder any important improvement in, or amelioration of, the conditions of life of the great bulk of the community. But the king is father of his people, and as such the persons and property of his subjects are absolutely at the mercy of his paternal will. * * * The king is a mere puppet in the hands of his queen, a strong-minded woman, whose relatives and adherents fill almost every appointment. The queen only tolerates one wife—that is, herself—and should she detect his Majesty intriguing with either of the palace ladies, the wretched female is promptly degraded and despatched to some remote district, or else succumbs to some rapid and mysterious illness."

A condition of extreme squalor would seem to prevail in the country; the houses are built of "wattle and daub," between rough-hewn uprights; the floors are of mud, heated in cold weather by primitive furnaces, which throw out volumes of smoke, and stir into active life billions of bugs, fleas and roaches; the old women—they age at twenty-five—are dressed immodestly, and the young ones are kept in strict seclusion. This, of course, describes the lower classes. As for the higher they are simply inaccessible to the average Caucasian traveler. All the women seen by the Captain he describes as "hideous even in childhood," but the description does not apply to the boys or even the men, who are spared the household drudgery visited upon the women. "The woman in Korea," he says, "is merely a useful machine to provide for the wants of the man. Marriage is a bargain, and chastity is expected only from the wife. The husband may keep concubines or indulge in other forms of vice, but the wife must be chaste under pain of death; her part is to bear children, to rise early, to get to bed late, to keep the fields, gardens, house, and stables in order, and, in short, to be a woman-of-all-work. What wonder that, amongst the laboring classes, they become wrinkled and hag-like at an early age! The women do all the labor in the fields, and in some other respects the men seem more effeminate than they do, as one can gather from these fashions for men. A Korean, until he becomes engaged to be married, wears his hair in a pigtail without any head covering, but after that important occasion, which takes place as early in life as the parents can conveniently arrange for, he has his head partly shaved and his hair twisted up into a knot on the top of his head, and can wear one of the numerous hats for masculine adornment. One of our 'Wapus' discharged at Kap-San was an unattached bachelor, and, though forty years of age, wore a boy's pigtail. On the other hand, we saw several children of nine or ten years of age wearing the marriage top-knot."

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch of Korean habits and manners that the old adage still applies—"one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

HOME FOR THE AGED.

The corner-stone of the Home for the Aged, under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor, will be laid next Sunday, Aug. 26, by his Grace, the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Catholic Order of Foresters, and other Catholic societies will turn out in full force to escort the Archbishop. They will muster at Grand Boulevard and Forty-third street, at 2:30 o'clock p.m., and will march from that point to the location of the Home, at Prairie avenue and Fifty-second street. There never was a worthier charity undertaken than the Home for the Aged—an institution sadly needed in this city. THE CITIZEN has no doubt about it being nobly sustained by the Catholic people of this community. The Little Sisters of the Poor are indefatigable workers, and whatever they undertake cannot fail to be a success.

THE BRITISH BREECHES WOMAN.

We have always labored under the impression that Englishmen were never henpecked, and that the Breeches Woman is exclusively an American institution. It would seem, however, that we have been mistaken. Out of the mouth, or the inkbottle, of an English woman, we are corrected, and beg to stand excused. Mrs. Lynn Linton, writing on the subject of "Wives and Wives," in the London *Queen* of recent date, disabuses us in this fashion:

"The welfare of the children depends on the mother; the happiness of the man on the wife. We call man the Master and the Head; some among us call him the Tyrant and others the Brute; but in the largest proportion of homes—very much the largest—the woman has the whip-hand, and the man is nowhere compared with her. Take a jealous wife as our first instance. Where does the man stand with her? Let his temper be what it may, he is powerless before such a mighty agent of misery as she proves herself to be. He may be submissive or he may be recalcitrant—the soul of fidelity or the embodiment of inconstancy. In any case, she makes him suffer the tortures of the inquisition, translated into mental instead of bodily anguish. Her suspicions, which never rest—her jealousy, which finds food in her husband's love for his mother, his sister, his children, quite as much as in his manner to her friends or his voice when speaking to her maids—her own discomfort which reacts upon her whole world and especially on him—what kind of happiness or peace can any man find in a home so guarded, so tenanted? Equally is he at the end of the lane if his wife be of a generally criss-cross temper. It does not signify what it is, but to a woman of universally surly mood everything indiscriminately is wrong. Is he punctual? He is maddening with his exactitude. Is he loose in his estimate of time? He is just as maddening with his inexactness. When he is playful, she is severe; when affectionate, she is glacial. When he is silent, she rates him for surliness; when he is in an expansive mood, she snubs him for loquacity. Whatever he is and whatever he does is wrong, and the criss-cross ill-tempered wife makes her home a hell upon earth, and rather prides herself than not on her power. She will not swell that army of martyrs, noble or ignoble, to which the downtrodden wife belongs! When she says this, her head held high and her upper lip well drawn down, she forgets that middle line of good temper and complaisance, where neither is a martyr and neither a tyrant.

"Then, take the thriftless and undutiful wife—the woman who thinks herself degraded if she is asked to superintend the gravest or the smallest household matter—the woman who leaves everything to the servants—who keeps no accounts, checks no expenditure, knows nothing about averages or supplies, has no list of the linen, the silver, the best china, the costly glass—that self-indulgent, pleasure-loving, self-seeking woman, whose idea of marriage is mainly the greater freedom that is gained over the closer restrictions of maidenhood, and whose husband is the banker, not the companion nor the lover; what kind of partner in life's great business does she make? As disastrous as her predecessors! She may not have a trace of jealousy in her composition; she may be good-tempered, and void of spikes, acid, spleen. But she is not a wife to be coveted by any man who understands the true value of things, and the right part to be played by woman in the important drama of life. When this kind adds to her want of all sense of duty, jealousy, ill-temper, flirting, or graver enmity to her husband, she makes that unhappy man feel that death would have no sting—that the grave would be to him a bed of rest and repose, to which he would go as a wearied child might turn to its cradle.

"The domineering wife is again one of the undesirable kind. She allows her husband no rights; she may grant him certain allowances—certain privileges—but of rights he has not a trace. His opinions are controverted, his assertions are contradicted. When he repeats an anecdote told him by Mr. Jones, she snaps and says: 'No, it was Mr. Brown.' When he says they went last month to Richmond, she flies at his throat and says it was Windsor. It makes no impression on her that, ninety-nine times in a hundred, the poor humbled marital worm is right. She never learns the lesson of caution—of modesty; but goes on putting her high heel on the neck of her long-suffering spouse, under the mistaken idea that to break a man's spirit is part of the day's work of a self-respecting woman.

"How different is that sweet, forgiving angel who, wronged as she may have been, decides to let the sin slip down into the infinite abyss of the Pardoned and Forgotten! She has suffered, but she will not prolong her suffering into the self-inflicted martyrdom of revenge. She finds a sweeter peace in forgiveness, and by this peace, this sweetness, she brings back that wandering fancy, and fixes for ever now that errant heart where it should be. Had she flouted and flounced, and struck back as did her sister the Cat, she would have alienated her husband for ever. As it was, she not only recovered, but reformed him. Many men are not apt at self-abasement, and the woman who wants to bring back the straying must not expect to do so by harshness on her own part and consequent grovelling on his. She must, on the contrary, make things easy, and smooth the road of repentance by taking from it all that would lead to this self-abasement."

EXAMPLES OF "THRIFT."

The late Jay Gould, James Fiske, Oakes Ames, and ex-Senator Stanford, with the Vanderbilts, Rockefeller, Huntington, Pullman, etc., are shining examples doubtless of genius, industry, and thrift. They secured millions they never produced. Dollars don't grow spontaneously. They represent the fruits of somebody's labor. The gentlemen named simply appropriated the harvest produced by many; legally, of course. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt recently held that no man living, however great his genius and industry and thrift, could produce in a lifetime the wealth represented by $20,000,000. Can any man living produce the wealth represented by $1,000,000? might be asked.

I will venture to assert that the man who has in him the ability to deceive others successfully, the genius to overreach his fellows, and the perseverance to continue on these lines, has a better opportunity than ever before to acquire the result of other people's labor. The chief cardinal virtue in the public mind today is wealth. The chief deadly sin is poverty.

Our store-keepers, for instance, are generally selling their goods at less than cost; each is selling cheaper than the others in the same business, at least, so they allege in their advertisements, and their employes say so to their customers, and yet we are taught in church that "no reason or no motive can excuse a lie." Middle aged people remember quite well when it was not so; but that was before the blessings of millionaires and monopolies came upon us.—*P. O'Neill Larkin, in August Donohoe's.*

Division 1, A. O. H.

The officers and members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., desire to inform all the young Irishmen living in the neighborhood of Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, that they are now organizing their division with a view to making it one of the largest in the city, and with splendid success. They have reduced the initiation fee to $1 for a short time only, in order to encourage those willing to join. The division wants to swell its numbers and thereby increase their influence for the good work which it has in hand.

JOY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

On Thursday, Aug. 16, the annual picnic for the benefit of the Day Nursery and Kindergarten for poor and neglected children, 457 South Clark street, was given in Simons' Grove, Lake View. The affair was successfully managed by a committee of Catholic ladies and gentlemen from different parishes. Over sixty dependent children were catered to on that day, and all enjoyed themselves hugely. The superintendent of the North Side Street Railway Company furnished free transportation for the children. Mr. Valentine Simons gave the use of his beautiful grove gratis, and Prof. O'Connor, who is always willing to aid a good cause, generously donated the services of his excellent band, which now and then sent forth charming music to the delight of all listeners. Among the numerous guests, were many of the most prominent people of the city. Among the liberal donors to this worthy institution during the last three years were C. A. Maher, P. F. Gillespie, D. F. Bremner, P. Garrity, H. H. Kohlsaat, James O'Mara, Attorney O'Donnell, Mrs. P. O'Neill, Rev. Dr. McGovern of Lockport, Ill., H. N. Roberts of Wilmington, Ill., and others. Many thanks are extended to all who aided the good work, and especially to the Married Ladies Sodality of Holy Family parish for their kind offering, and to Leo Titus, manager of the printing department of the Working Boys' Home for the printing of the tickets. It is hoped that all who have received tickets by mail or otherwise, will kindly make returns at their earliest convenience. S. B.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Now Almost Assured.

The convention of the Irish Literary Societies, called by the Fireside Literary Club of this city, and held on Sunday evening, August 12, at Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, was a decided success. Considering that the convention was held on a Sunday and that many friends of the movement had to be absent on account of previous engagements, there is every reason to think that an Irish-American Lyceum is now almost decided upon, for in point of numbers, enthusiasm, and talent the gathering was certainly such as reflects credit upon its promoters, and leads us to believe that we have here in our midst the material out of which to build a grand educational institution for the Irish race in Chicago, and for the discussion of such subjects as may serve to throw light upon the aspirations of the Irish heart for National freedom. It is to such meetings as that held by the Fireside Literary Club that we look for the fostering of the traditions of the Irish people, for the preservation of their language and literature, and the cultivation of their charming music. One thing above all others was clearly proved, and that is that the young people are heartily in favor of some such literary movement as is being started, and we were agreeably surprised to see so many stalwart and intellectual looking young men from all sections of the city, and some of the cleverest, prettiest and most refined of our Irish young girls—God bless them—taking part in elevating and interesting discourses, singing their own grand old songs, and proclaiming undying love and loyalty to their afflicted motherland.

The members of the Fireside Literary Club, and, in fact, the representatives of every other society present were delighted to see Mr. Maurice Crean, the energetic and talented secretary of the Irish Class. He delivered a most interesting address, and was listened to with close attention. The climax of enthusiasm was reached when he sang "Drimin down Dheelsh," which he explained he had translated the week previous for the *New World*. Taken altogether the convention was a grand success, and if no other good resulted from such meetings but the impetus given to the study of the Irish language, we think the Fireside Literary Club may congratulate itself upon the success of its efforts. During the evening Messrs. Hanrahan and Hogan entertained the convention with some choice singing, and we must say that the music by Messrs. Tobin, McCormick, and Grant was a credit to themselves and the grand old airs they are endeavoring to sustain.

Promptly at 8 o'clock Mr. Patrick F. Holden, President of the Fireside Literary Club, called the convention to order. He was received with a burst of applause which must have done his heart good. Having extended a "Cead Mille Failthe" to the delegates he introduced as chairman of the convention Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*.

Mr. Dillon, who on coming forward was received with an enthusiastic ovation, said that he had to apologize to them for being unprepared to deliver anything like a set address to them that evening. He said that he was taken by surprise on being asked to preside at that convention. However, his heart and soul were with the movement, and he might say with every movement for the good of their common country. With regard to the lyceum he said that such a society would do much good in Chicago. It would show the American people that they (the Irish) loved literary and educational projects, and that under favorable conditions they could revive the days of Ireland—of "Saints and Sages." Whatever he could do for the Irish-American Lyceum he promised he would do, and hoped the day was not far distant when Ireland, free from foreign interference and allowed to manage her own affairs, would once more occupy the proud position she enjoyed in the past as the school of Europe and the brightest and bravest of the nations. Mr. Dillon on the conclusion of his address was given a large measure of applause.

Mr. Don C. Carey moved and John J. Sherlock seconded a resolution declaring "that it be the sense of the convention that an Irish-American Lyceum be established in Chicago."

The motion was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Thos. J. Sherlock moved and Mr. Bernard J. Ryan seconded "that a committee of twenty-one be selected from the various societies of Chicago to take charge of the organization of the Lyceum." Carried unanimously.

Very able and eloquent addresses were delivered by Mr. L. Henely, County President of the A. O. H., and Mr. McEvoy, Vice-President St. Columkille's Council Young Men's Institute, Mr. M. Crean, and several others.

The Fireside Literary Club desires to thank the delegates for their attendance and wishes to state that all societies anxious to have a representative on the committee of twenty-one should elect their choice at once and communicate with the *Young Irishman*, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. Another meeting will be called early in October, when it is to be hoped the rules of the proposed Lyceum will be ready and the election of officers take place. P. F.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"William Baggott," Dunning, Ill.—Write to the author of the volume, Bureau of Statistics, State Department, Washington, D.C.

That Tired Feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

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FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

Alfred Perceval Graves, the Gifted Author of "Father O'Flynn"—Honorary Secretary of the Irish Literary Society.

PART IV.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
Still I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus—
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divils and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn makes hares of them all.
Come, I vinture to give ye my word
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus—
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young children are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avic!
Still for all, you've so gentle a soul,
'Gad you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checkin' the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Chorus—
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity
Where was the play boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him of wid the rest:
"Is it lave gayety
All to the laity!
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

Chorus—
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

The gifted author of "Father O'Flynn," Alfred Perceval Graves, is better known in the United States than almost any other Irish writer of the present. This one song has brought him greater fame than most poets achieve with volumes; it has been sung wherever the English language is spoken, and its popularity increases from day to day. Its jingle catches the popular ear and the scholar is captured by the unique and clever rhyming, which is good as any ever written by Gilbert, who is considered one of the masters of ingenious versification. Miss Mary Belloc tells us, in the *English Magazine*, that "Father O'Flynn" first appeared in print in the *Spectator*, to which Mr. Graves had been a contributor.

The popular song was written in the year 1873 or 1874, and was composed while the author was walking one morning across two or three parks to the home office, where he was then acting as private secretary to the assistant secretary of state, Mr. Winterbotham. "The Top of Cork Road," a lively tune to which he had often danced a jig as a boy, was filling his ear and mind, when suddenly the words of "Father O'Flynn" glided into being and were written down immediately on his reaching the office.

Many Irish priests are credited with having been the original of "Father O'Flynn," but to a certain Rev. Michael Walsh, parish priest of Kilbrohane, Kerry, is due the honor of having inspired the original ballad. Father Walsh, and Mr. Graves' father, afterward Bishop of Limerick, were very intimate and the latter's sons passed many happy hours in the company of the old priest. He was exceedingly charitable and good, so much so that his *menage* was of the scantiest, and often he would cry out, as the lads came running in, "Boys, here are some turkey's eggs, but no egg cups; however, you had better scoop a piece out of your loaf and put your egg in it; that will do as well!" He was a good musician and supplied Dr. Petrie with some of his best Irish airs. He had been educated at Douay, and had much continental culture, keeping well abreast of the times: thus all through our great civil war the parlor of his humble presbytery was covered with maps on which he marked from day to day the various advances of the troops. When the Catholic priest was dying he sent for the Bishop of Limerick, but only to shake hands with him.

Mr. Graves, although he admits that his father's old friend was the prototype of "Father O'Flynn," wished in his verses to give a picture of a type rather than of an individual; and to many who know Dublin the last verse of the ballad somewhat suggests the witty type of Irish priest of whom Father Healy might be mentioned as the supreme representative. This famous priest, who is supposed to be the most brilliant wit whom Ireland possesses at the present moment, is a host in himself, and innumerable are the good stories told about him. But, as it is true of most famous *raconteurs*, it is perhaps more the way the thing is said than the actual words which give point to his jest. The story goes that on one occasion he was sitting next to Prof. Huxley at a British Association dinner, when the latter began telling him a long story of how a certain Catholic priest cross-examined him as to whether there was the slightest glimmer of religious intelligence in monkeys. The Professor somewhat heckled Father Healy as to what position the Catholic church would take on such a matter. "Now, why do you suppose this priest asked me these questions?"

"Bedad," replied his companion slyly, "depend on it, he was trying to find a cheap curate among them."

On another occasion Dean Quirke and a number of his ecclesiastical superiors were dining with him, and began asking why he was not a more active Nationalist. "It is all very well for you young men," replied he with a twinkle in his eye, "but one night with my double-barrelled gun in a damp ditch would be the death of me."

A long time passed by after the early morning when "Father O'Flynn" first sprung into being, and no particular notice was taken of what was going to prove one of the most popular songs ever written. Mr. Graves, however, always counted the ballad among his own favorite efforts at the same time that he was quietly adding to his stock of lyrics and when Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, having been requested by Messrs. Boosey & Co., to edit a collection of Irish airs, wrote to him asking if he would mind contributing the words to his music, he was able to send his friend twenty songs, including "Father O'Flynn," almost by return of post. But Dr. Stanford, although he approved of the others, considered "Father O'Flynn" too humorous for his collection, and it was only after some persuasion that he finally agreed to include it. Somewhat later a concert was given at which several of these songs were to be sung in order to advertise the collection. As the singers were looking over and selecting what they should sing, Charles Santley, the famous baritone, put his hand on "Father O'Flynn" and said: "That is my song!" Even on this, the first occasion on which it was sung in public, it made a great success, the verses being encored three times. During the last twenty years the song has been closely identified with Mr. Santley and the eminent singer has even been caricatured as "Father O'Flynn." Such is the story of the song.

Alfred Perceval Graves was born in the city of Dublin on July 22, 1846, sent to school at Windermere, and finally to Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. 1871. He inherited his musical and poetic talents from his parents; for few are aware of his knowledge of music which inspired his best lyrics. His mother was an accomplished musician and an excellent performer on both the piano and the harp, and the Bishop of Limerick was prominent as a musician in his youth, his "Hermione," composed to words by Barry Cornwall, having been popular some fifty years ago. Dr. Graves was one of the founders of the University of Dublin Choral Society and was one of the "Fellows of Trinity" referred to in "Father O'Flynn." He was also an active member of the Society for the Preservation of the Ancient Music of Ireland, which produced the well known Petrie collection, from which Dr. Stanford and Mr. Graves have drawn their chief inspirations. Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind were personal friends of Dr. and Mrs. Graves, at whose home in Dublin, and later in Limerick, the best music was always to be heard. The Bishop and his family passed their summers at Parknasilla, their place in Kerry, and it was there that the subject of this sketch gained that intimate acquaintance with Irish peasant life which is reflected in his poems.

Mr. Graves' lyrics have been, as a rule, inspired directly by old Irish airs and their original Celtic or Anglo-Irish titles. This was specially the case with "The Little Red Lark," "When She Answered Me Her Voice Was Low," "Last Night I Dreamed of My Own True Love," and "The Rose Tree in Full Bearing." There is none of the Irish writers of the present day who is possessed of as much clean, wholesome wit and humor as Mr. Graves, and nothing excels his mirthful style in "Ould Doctor Mack," a pendent to "Father O'Flynn," his "Fan Fitzjori," or his "Cats of Kilkenny." He is the first of the great Irish humorists who is intensely national in his writings. Lever cannot be credited with much patriotic spirit; and as for Lover, he was eternally apologizing for being Irish. Not so with Mr. Graves: he is proud of his nationality, loyal to the traditions of his race, and has the manhood to declare his sentiments. Many of his poems bear the imprint of a Nationalist pen: his "Lament for Owen Roe," "The Flight of the Earls," "A Lament for Sarsfield," "The Return from Fingal," "Awake, Fianna," and the "March of the Maguire" being of great strength and vigor. How many hearts in this "Greater Ireland" will echo the sentiments expressed in his "Shamrock Leaves:"

Oh! if for every tear
That from our exiled eyes
Has fallen, Erin dear,
A shamrock could arise,
We'd weave a garland green
Should stretch the ocean through,
All, all the way between
Our aching hearts and you.

His work is not confined to sonnets and songs of the present; he ranges over the entire category of Irish history and romance, giving us a bit of ancient Ireland in "Emer's Farewell to Cuchullan," and a wild, fierce slogan of long ago in "An Ancient Battle Hymn:"

Above, the thunder crashes,
Around, the lightning flashes:
Our heads are heaped with ashes!
But thou, God, art nigh.
Thou launchest forth the levin,
The storm by Thee is driven,
Give heed, O Lord, from heaven,
Hear, hear our cry.

For lo! the Dane defaces
With fire Thy holy places,
He hews Thy priests in pieces,
Our maids more than die.
Up, Lord, with storm and thunder,
Pursue him with his plunder,
And smite his ships in sunder,
Lord God Most High!

All the melodies to which these songs were set are old Irish airs and well selected. Both words and music are excellently matched, though in many cases the airs are lifted up by the nobility of the verses. There are several lullabys among his works which have the prettiest and sweetest rythm imaginable. Here is one:

In the green arbutus shadow,
On the lovely banks of Laune,
I would rock my laughing laddo
In his cradle up and down.
Up and down, and to and fro,
Singing lulla, lulla lo.

Soft cloud fleeces floating o'er us
Curtain up the staring sun,
Pretty birds in loving chorus
Pipe around my precious one,
Pipe your softest shoheen sho,
Tira, lira, lulla lo.

See! the sky to brightest blossom
Flowers within the furthest West,
And the babe upon my bosom
Flushes with the rose of rest,
Whilst with magic light aglow
Laune gives back my lulla lo.

Although Mr. Graves is very fastidious as to final finish, when once he has made up his mind that he has done his best he resists the temptation to rewrite or alter his songs.

Quite apart from his work as a contributor to leading literary and educational journals, Mr. Graves had worked late and early as inspector of shcools at Manchester, Huddersfield and Taunton before being finally appointed to Southwark district. He was one of the half-dozen inspectors selected a few years since to give evidence before the royal commission on education. When the Irish Literary Society was organized in London a couple of years ago he threw himself with sympathetic ardor into the movement and is now acting as honorary secretary to the society. The next volume of the New Irish Library will be from his pen, a collection of Irish lyrics, which will be hailed with delight by every lover of Irish song.

M. J. MURPHY.

GAELIC POETRY.

'Nuair nach mairfidh de'n t-e sin.

Aisdrighthe ó Shacsbheurla Thomáis Ui Mhórdha, le "Pádraic."

("When He Who Adores Thee.")

'Nuair nach mairfidh de'n t-é sin a d'adhruigh thú tráth
Acht a bhróin 'gus a lochta amháin,
O! abair a gcaoinfir má chaithfear aon sgáth
Air an m-beatha ná'r shaothruigh do cháin?
Seadh, gol, acht béidh maiadh mo námhad go léir
'Gá thógbháil le deoraibh do léin,
Oir má's clonntach mé leó-san, in d'ambgar re-gheur
Bhi mé dilis a g-comhnuidhe dhuit féin.

Do bhi brionglóide m'óige ort féin a's do chás;
Bhi mo dhian-smuainte leat-sa gach lá,
In mo bhás-urnuighe úmhail do Dhia na ngrás,
Béidh do chaoimh-ainm liom-sa 'gá rádh.
O! nach seunmhar na cáirde a mhairfeas 'san t-saoghal,
Le feicsint do ghlóire ro-mhóir':
Acht tar éis sin ni'l beaunacht nios dilse do Ghaodhal
Ná a bhás air do shon-sa, a stóir!

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

A meeting of the central council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held Wednesday evening at 79 South Clark street, with President P. F. Guerin in the chair. A report was read by Mr. T. Condon, of the arrangements made for the all-round athletic sports to be held next Sunday, Aug. 26. Following is a list of the events, with prizes for each. There are over 100 entries:

1—100 yards flat: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, 100 cigars; 3d, fancy shirt.
2—Council race, 150 yards flat: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, box of cigars.
3—Running long jump: 1st prize, case of wine; 2d, pair of fine shoes.
4—220 yards flat: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, shoe polishing set; 3d, pair of fancy slippers.
5—Lifting and striking hurley ball: 1st prize, fine silk hat; 2d, box of cigars.
6—Standing hop, step and jump: 1st prize, "History of Religious Orders;" 2d, one dozen fine photographs.
7—Running hop, step and jump: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, box of cigars.
8—Football game. Shamrocks vs. Wolfe Tones: 1st prize, case of Irish whisky; 2d, football.
9—440 yards flat: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, box of cigars.
10—Football place kick: 1st prize, two boxes cigars; 2d, box of cigars.
11—120 yards hurdle race: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, half-dozen bottles wine.
12—Tug-of-War: 1st prize, case of fine whisky; 2d, tug-of-war outfit.
13—220 yards flat; open to all amateurs: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d, silver cup.
14—Throwing 56-lbs: 1st prize, silk umbrella; 2d, box of cigars.
15.—Fat men's race, 100 yards flat: 1st prize, case of wine; 2d, box of cigars; 3d, table cover.

Entries close on the grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, at noon on Sunday, Aug. 26.

When the Liver Reprimands Us

For our neglect of it by inflicting upon us sick headache, by dyeing the skin yellow, coating the tongue with fur, producing vertigo, pains in the right side and souring the breath, we are little less than lunatics if we disregard the chastisement. If we call Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to our aid, tranquility and health follow speedily, and with the departure of the symptoms mentioned, departs also irregularity of the bowels, which invariably attends disorder of the liver. In malarial complaints the liver is always involved, and it is a fortunate circumstance that this fine anti-bilious medicine is also the finest specific in existence for every form of malarial disease. Nor is it less efficacious for dyspepsia, failure of appetite and strength, nervousness and a rheumatic tendency. It renews the ability to sleep, and greatly promotes convalescence after wasting diseases.

Cheap Excursions.

On Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct. 9, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana at exceedingly low rates for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale and will allow stop-over privileges on going trip in territory to which tickets are sold. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry.

POOR ROSSA.

A Bard Turns Loose Upon Him With Several Yards of Epistolary Poetry, Which "He Who Runs May Read."

A Poetical Geyser, Which, in Giving Forth Its Volume, Shakes the Solid Earth.

(Epistle to O'Donovan Rossa on the condition of Ireland and the cause of mankind as relating thereto.)

BY JOHN DWYER.

Shall England's wiles thine Erin ever raise,
Eternal monument of dismal days?
Or Freedom, strong from struggling with her chain,
Bring throbbing Ireland soothed from her pain?
We've lately seen through Hope's uncertain dawns
Reviving dews kiss Auburn's gloomy lawns;
Undaunted spirits raise the drooping swains
And war withdrawn from caves to scour the plains;
We saw the foe imbued with terror's blight
Pursue a misty mirage through the night;
Aggressive hosts of patriots at hand
With myriad charms resuscitate the land;
All Erin ready at a sign to raise
And set Wrong's ancient regimen ablaze;
The trend of Orion sloping to her heights
From whence the laughing train of Truth alights;
Mid Fenians' brilliant meteor's fierce showers
The plumes of Freedom bristling on her powers;
And, girt by guards of lightnings, Ireland glow,
Prometheus of nations, from her woe.
But lo! an arm moved o'er the sunny scene
And bade the antique darkness intervene;
Vague night's adumbrant shadows shook the air
And Tophet doomed the heaven that was there;
Again the vast tartarean ocean fell
And Erin lay encompassed by a hell!
* * * * * * * *
Analogy of nature, Ireland still
Bewilders Truth with woes invincible.
Rossa, what heaps of seeming splendor strew
Her twilight heaven and verge of ocean blue!
Her languid clouds infused with mellow light
Glide through the glowing portals of the night;
Within the dawn her copeless ocean flows
Where her betrayers revel with her foes!
Shall those clouds blush and open ocean moan
And Ireland still stand fettered to a throne?
Since late she cringed, though crippled Freedom blushed,
Will Erin crouch until completely crushed?
While memory flags nor aspirations please,
To languish in the infamy of ease,
Has thraldom's blight seized on the Irish soul
That thus with dearth of honor slaves control?
Rossa, alas! oh, still alas! for thee,
Essential Celt and Prince of Liberty,
Stoically right and excellently free!
Too long, ah, Truth! too long the fight has waged
For Erin now to see her spirit caged!
Now if she bend the victor doth submit;
Now aged griefs her rising standards quit.
When Pandolf's art bowed not before the bomb
Succumbing Erin England's thrall become;
Not then the Boyne, the Suir and Aubiron
Felt their wild vigor indolently gone,
Nor Mulla's waters wandering, swift and young,
Lapp'd up the earth with a unwilling tongue;
Nor, with bold Orange, turbulently weak,
The world ignore the walls of Limerick;
The numbers equal and the weapons same
Well Innisfail her seigniorage could claim,
Barbarian host against barbarian host
All Clifford's thrusts and stratagems were lost:
Vain were the wars of wise Elizabeth
And all her plots as well could cope with death.
The ancient patriot never sired a serf
Nor Saxon guiles his candid conscience swerf;
But foreign craft has struck his country down
And built a Tophet to embliss a crown;
But still with empire earth's dominions robe,
While British treason canopies the globe;
While Erin, Atlas, toils in chains beneath
Earth stands o'er hell upon the crust of death;
Still Erin strives and Britain loses sway
While all the world through Erin slips away!
In Erin still whose fame has Earth outdone
The soul abounds although the flame be gone.
And soon 'twill blaze, from fiery thoughts relit
Nor all the thralls of earth extinguish it;
And though the past dim vanishes afar

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.]

A Suburbanite Complains.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Living as I do in a remote part of the city, and finding it very difficult at times to attend the various entertainments given by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago, I fail to see why the celebrations of the birth of Emmet and the martyrdom of the heroes of Manchester should be confined to one hall. Talking the matter over with the Nationalists in the outlying districts, I find that very few, if any, find it possible to attend those entertainments. Therefore it seems that the memories of Ireland's martyrs should be, and could be with very little exertion, celebrated in an appropriate manner by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago's suburbs in the many excellent halls available for that purpose.

NIALL.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street.

Three Home Seekers' Excursions

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half-rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on Sept. 11 and 25, and Oct. 9, 1894. For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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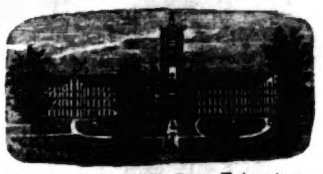

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JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term, A. D. 1894. Mary Hart vs. Edward Hart. In Chancery. No. 131,930.

Notice is hereby given to the said Edward Hart that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held in the Court House in Chicago, in said county, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1894, as by law required, and which summons is still pending.

FRANK GAUTIER, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complt's Sol'r.

REPLY TO PULLMAN.

A CLERGYMAN RESIDING IN THE TOWN ANSWERS THE DUKE.

The Rev. Mr. Carwardine Simply Tears to Tatters the Statements of the Parlor Car Autocrat—The Truth About Those Cars That Were Built at a Loss.

At a mass meeting held at Epworth hall, Halstead and Congress streets, Chicago, the Pullman strike was considered and a reply made to Mr. Pullman's pointed statements. The meeting was called to order by Dr. G W. Gray, and after a brief prayer by the Rev. Mr. Burch of the Hamlin Avenue Methodist Episcopal church the Rev. Mr. Carwardine, the Methodist minister of Pullman, the principal speaker of the day, was introduced. He spoke as follows:

"It is my desire to be honest and sincere and to give the truth in my assertions. The Pullman strike is the greatest, the most farreaching strike that has ever occurred. It is also unique. At Pullman—a model town wherein the industrial problem was supposed to have been solved—3,000 persons went on a strike May 11 and amazed the world. Seven weeks later the American Railway union declared a boycott upon Pullman cars. Stagnation of all business ensued; rioting occurred; the general government was forced to call out troops to quell it.

"Were the men rash and unreasonable, or were they driven to strike? A person to answer this must understand the peculiar relation of the Pullman town to the employees. It is easy, as a correspondent told me last week, to write up the question from the company's standpoint or to make out a strong case for the employees, but it is hard to give a fair review. Mr. Pullman has made three statements—the first two days before the men struck; the second June 26, just after the boycott went into effect; the third he gave out from his palatial home by the sea, July 13. These statements are plausible upon their face, and persons reading them criticise the men for going out and indorse Mr. Pullman for his humanity in taking contracts at a loss to keep his men at work. The Chicago press simply bewilders the person who wishes to know the truth. If I were living in Chicago and read only certain papers, I should be apt to be severe in my condemnation of the wicked Pullman strikers and heartily indorse the Pullman company, but since I live in Pullman and have for the last two years made a careful study of the situation there I am able to read between the lines of these assertions that Mr. Pullman makes and am able to see the fallacies that they contain.

"I hold Mr. Pullman responsible for the whole situation by virtue of his position in the company. He is the king, the autocrat, and he must answer for the full measure of capacity that belongs to him. Perhaps he did not know the true state of affairs at Pullman. There is great power invested in the general manager's hands and in the local officials. They have the right to employ and discharge over 3,000 men. With this power in their hands they should be free from favoritism, tyranny and unfairness. Yet tyranny, unfairness and favoritism did exist.

"In Mr. Pullman's statement he says that a little over a year ago there was deposited in the Pullman bank over $700,000, which belonged to the employees, and now it has nearly all been withdrawn. Now, is this statement true? Did the employees deposit it all? We must bear in mind that many of the high officials of the company, storekeepers, treasurers of lodges and others deposited money in the bank. One man had $30,000 on deposit; another who had recently sold his farm had $3,000, the proceeds of the sale. If all such amounts are counted as deposits of employees, it is easy to make such a statement. But these employees were in debt to the extent of $70,000 for rent, and why? Why, when they went to the bank didn't they use the money to pay rent instead of going into debt? Simply because they were compelled to use the rent money to support their families.

"Mr. Pullman further asserts that the average earnings of every man, woman and child in the Pullman company's employ in 1893 were over $600. What was included in this estimate of average earnings? The salaries of heads of departments of the clerical force and foremen and others. Included in the earnings of 1893 is the immense amount of money paid for overtime. The winter of 1893 was one of the most prosperous in the history of the Pullman company. A gentleman who has reason to know said that it was one of the best years of the company. It was just before the World's fair, when cars which were used during that period were built. For weeks at a time I only saw men who were members of my church on the Sabbath day, all their other time being put in working overtime. These wages are included in Pullman's statement. It is unfair to include the salaries of all officials in estimating the average earnings of the employees.

"Mr. Pullman further says that he took certain contracts at a loss in order to keep his shops open, and behind this impregnable position he intrenches himself, while the public asks how is it that these men want the wages of 1893 when contracts are taken at a loss. We admit that the Pullman company lost $25 a car on that Long Island car contract; but, mind you, the great bulk of the work done in the Pullman shops was repair work—the repairing of old cars, refurnishing them and such. At least 60 per cent of the work done in the shops at the time of the strike was of that nature. It was his own work, yet his employees were cut 33⅓ per cent, 40 per cent and in some cases 50 per cent for work done in repairing those cars. Not only that, but a great deal of work was done at the expense of the railroads themselves. That makes matters worse.

"The wages of the laundry girls were reduced, but prices of berths were not reduced. If you ate dinner in one of the Pullman dining cars and wiped your mustache with a napkin washed and ironed by these laundry girls, did you pay less for that dinner?

"The employees are quoted as wanting the wages of 1893 for work done at a loss. The reason the employees went to Mr. Pullman with this demand was because they wanted something definite fixed so that they might compromise. They expected to be able to lessen the severity of the cut. If they could have reduced the cut from 33⅓ per cent to 25 per cent, many of the men told me they would have returned to work. The committee that waited on him further asked that he reduce the rent, equalize wages and reform many petty abuses they were subjected to."

Mr. Carwardine then said that Mr. Pullman was sharp enough to take the men at their word and evade the general question. He promised to look into the abuses, not to discharge any member of the committee and give them an answer. Mr. Carwardine continued:

"At the time of the strike the salaries of the officials were not cut, nor of the heads of departments, foremen or car inspectors. Since the strike began the clerical forces and heads of departments have been cut—those receiving over $100 a month to $100, and lower salaries in like proportion. Since the shops have been closed the pay of the watchmen have been cut 50 cents out of $2.50.

"As to the inspection of his books, many of the employees believe that the books were doctored or two sets of books were kept. Anyway what good would it do to inspect 10,000 sets of books if it wouldn't change the tyranny they were subjected to? The morning after the committee met Mr. Pullman three of them were laid off by the foreman, contrary to agreement. To prove that they were discharged the foreman finished the work that one of them was engaged upon and then placed another man at it.

"Mr. Pullman was only asked to allow a committee to see if there was anything to arbitrate. He was not compelled to run his works at a loss indefinitely. If his position was correct, he had nothing to fear. Contrary to his statements, houses were not rented at Pullman in competition with the surrounding places. Employees were urged to come to Pullman to live, and I know of a case where a man was compelled to move to Pullman to hold his job."

Child Workers In Maine.

If there is a padrone system in town, and it looks now as if there might be, now is the time to crush out the system, because the sooner it is done the better it will be for the working people, especially for children. A child, not over 14 years of age at that, entered a store with her mother Friday and bought a few cheap articles. The mother kept back the tears at first when she told her story to the merchant, but they finally coursed down her cheeks as she looked upon the child at her side, who did not have the necessaries of life. Her husband is an invalid and G. A. R. veteran, and there are six small children to be cared for. This one is not very strong, but walks two miles to her work every morning, eating her dinner in the mill. The merchant noticed a Laconia pay envelope in her hand, with these figures on it—$1.50.

"Has your child been sick?" he asked.

"No—that is, she has not been well, but for the past two weeks she has worked every day, and that is all her pay comes to," the mother sobbed.

Reckon this up, and you will find that it comes to 12½ cents a day, while the overseer gets $5 for the same length of time, and Agent McArthur draws his $10,000 or $12,000 a year, yet people wonder why there is a wide abyss between employer and employee. People who do not know the inside of the mill system censure labor speakers who ask for an organization that will prove too strong for capital to shake or even to quiver. The poor devils who live on the hope that they will die young some night after they have gone to sleep look upon the immense dividends that the Laconia and Pepperell are declaring with the same feeling that the child's father had when he was thirsting for water and food on the battlefield.—Biddeford (Me.) Standard.

The Ballot's the Thing.

Down in Indiana where I have been the workingmen are resolved to try a new plan. They are going to leave the old parties which have trampled them underfoot and elect men who will give them an equal show with the capitalists. After all, it is the money power that dominates our legislative bodies. It also dominates the federal judiciary. Both parties have made all sorts of promises to the workingmen about the good or bad results which were to come to him through tariff legislation. We have had a high tariff on the products of labor, but none on the pauper laborers who were brought here to compete with the laborer who was supposed to enjoy the benefits of such a tariff. In that, as everything else, we find it is the money question, after all.

My advice to you is to go and vote the Populist ticket and take this misused power from the railroads and put it in the hands of the government. From this time on we want governmental ownership of the railroads, and we have the votes to accomplish that end. Such ownership will result in good wages and fair treatment to the men who work on them and equitable charges for the people who patronize them. Let that be your aim, and you will not be starved to death, as some of the roads seem to be trying to do with their employees.

The real work of this strike has just begun. I do not mean in calling out more men from work, but through the efforts of the ballot. The federal courts cannot enjoin men from going to the polls.—Eugene V. Debs.

A BLOW AT FREE SPEECH.

Plutocracy's Power to Be Exercised to Suppress Truth In the Colleges.

It was of course to be expected that sooner or later the colleges, being dependent for support on the benefactions of the privileged classes, would begin to discipline those professors who fail to teach the absolute justice of existing social and industrial conditions. A few college teachers of political economy and sociology who held truth in higher esteem than the favor of plutocracy, and who have felt their duty to mankind takes precedence of their duty to the narrow circle of narrow minds constituting the faculty of their colleges, have lately spoken boldly in criticism of the existing order and have made courageous suggestions of reforms necessary to the health of industrial society. Now, the result of such action was inevitable. For a time the radical teaching of these men were accepted by the privileged classes with a sort of interested toleration. There was a certain novelty in the spectacle of an educated man, a conservative college professor, preaching socialism—even limited socialism—which quite entertained "society." Nobody thought that the utopian ideas of these collegians would ever take concrete form, so "society" quite lionized the college radicals and the proud faculties, and trustees of the schools they served laid particular stress in their advertising matter upon the presence of these strong and fearless thinkers on their staff.

Such was the situation about five years ago, but the temper of the conservative classes is changed. The people are beginning to take the ideas of the advanced college professors altogether too seriously. They have become a positive source of danger to the retention of artificial privilege by one class and to the monopoly of natural opportunities by another. There are signs all along the line that the college reformer is to be subjected to the same coercive methods for the repression of thought and free speech which have made the daily press of the land the laughing stock of radicals.

The most prominent of the college teachers to come under the ban of the people who think that the world must stop moving is Professor Ely of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Ely is beyond doubt the most widely known student and teacher of political science in the United States today. His coming to the University of Wisconsin raised that institution to the first rank of American colleges. His teachings are those of a man wholly awake to modern conditions, guided by exact logic, and without fear of narrowing influences. He has been called a socialist, and indeed his theory of social evolution is that represented by such quasisocialistic doctrines as the public ownership of natural monopoies, but the full socialistic programme is nowhere given indorsement in his writings.

It appears now that Professor Ely is to be "investigated" as a seditious and treasonable writer. A cheap politician in Madison wrote a letter to the New York Post denouncing his doctrines, and The Post promptly responded by calling Dr. Ely a college anarchist. The faculty of Princeton college has also denounced him, though what they have to do with the case is not apparent. So Dr. Ely must stand trial, and whether acquitted or not must bear the odium of the charge.

So far as the individual is concerned, this incident is not of wide public interest, but it shows that free speech and free thought in colleges are in danger of suppression. When the school textbooks, the college teachers of political economy, the newspaper editorial writers and the clergy shall all be compelled to conform to the gospel of monopoly this nation will be, in the opinion of the people who profit by monopolies, indeed the land of the free and the home of the brave.—Chicago Times.

Competition and Wage System Dying.

The epoch of competition and the wage system is dying. Co-operative effort in some form or other is pressing forward to supersede them, despite all opposition. Manifold signs of world-wide change are palpable on every hand, a change in what Virgil calls "the order of the ages." Profound unrest permeates the entire civilized world. Men feel the presence of a new and mighty force heaving and swaying the ocean of humanity. Tories and Bourbons, as their prototypes of old, stand ready to resist any change which abridges their privileges, crying out that all is well with the world. They point to the blessings which their wealth confers on it and preach patriotism in purple and fine linen and with well fed stomachs. But the agitation increases among the working masses. They fail to see the blessings of monopoly. A sense of bitter injury has taken possession of them. The forces for a conflict at the ballot box or elsewhere are being rapidly mobilized. Men are taking sides. The exploiters and the exploited stand face to face.—P. O'Neill Larkin in Donahoe's.

A Vast Revolution.

We are in a vast industrial evolution. I must intensify that and say revolution, and we are in it as we never were before because the conditions are higher. The conditions for such a state of things never before existed. Under despotic government the king used to say to a thousand men, "Go out and hew timbers, quarry stone, wall in my city, build a tomb or build a temple." They had to go. Now we have come to the age of personal liberty and co-ordinate power, and it is so great that none of us who have studied it can profess to understand it thoroughly. We are in the midst of a vast movement, and none of us would arrest it if we could. What we want to do is to study it, to utilize it, and the only solution at last is "in love serving one another," to recognize the service of man to man, and for each one to gladly take his place in the vast correlations and co-ordinations of such a world and lovingly and gladly fill his place.—H. W. Thomas.

IN CITY SLUMS.

Some Interesting Statistics Contained In the Special Report of Mr. Wright.

In his seventh special report Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright deals with the investigations made by his agents into the slum districts of Baltimore, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Much that is of interest to the student of social conditions is contained in the report, and some of the figures given will be surprising to those who see them for the first time. The following excerpts from the document are of especial interest:

Comparing the sex of the population in the slum districts canvassed with that of the whole city, it is found that in each case the males predominate to a greater extent in the slum districts. In Baltimore, in the city at large, 47.44 per cent of the population are males, while in the slum district selected the males constitute 49.84 per cent of the population. In Chicago the difference is between 51.68 per cent for the whole city and 53.93 per cent for the slum district. In New York the difference is between 49.34 per cent for the whole city and 54.61 per cent for the slum district. In Philadelphia it is between 48.82 per cent for the city at large and 53.48 per cent for the slum district.

The total foreign born in the city of Baltimore is 15.88 per cent of the total population, but in the slum district canvassed it is 40.22 per cent; in Chicago the total foreign born in the city at large constitutes 40.98 per cent of the population, while in the slum district it is 57.51 per cent; in New York the foreign born is 43.23 per cent of the total population, while in the slum district it is 62.58 per cent, and in Philadelphia the foreign born constitutes 25.74 per cent of the total population and 60.45 per cent of the slum population. These figures show conclusively that the proportion of foreign born persons in the slums of each city is very largely in excess of the proportion for the whole poulation. This excess is in Baltimore 24.34 per cent; in Chicago, 16.53 per cent; in New York, 20.35 per cent, and in Philadelphia, 34.71 per cent.

In the whole city of Baltimore the illiterates constitute 9.17 per cent of the native born population and 12.41 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 9.79. In the slum districts of that city 8.13 per cent of the native born and 30.62 per cent of the foreign born are illiterate, while the percentage for both is 19.69. In the city of Chicago at large the illiterates constitute .81 per cent of the native born population and 8.31 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 4.63, but in the slum district canvassed 5.64 per cent of the native born persons are illiterate and 33.86 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 25.37. In New York the percentage of illiterates is 1.16 for the entire native born population and 14.06 for the foreign born, the percentage for both being 7.59, while for the slum population the percentage of native born who are illiterates is 7.20 and of the foreign born 57.69, the percentage for both being 46.65. Philadelphia shows nearly as large a proportion of illiterates in the slum districts as New York, the figures for the whole population showing that 2.8 per cent of all the native born persons are illiterate and 11.29 of foreign born, the united percentage being 4.97. In the slum districts of Philadelphia, however, 8.44 per cent of the native born persons and 46.61 per cent of the foreign born are illiterate, the percentage for the two classes being 37.07.

In the city of Baltimore 20.13 per cent of all the voters of the city are foreign born, but in the slum district canvassed 44.04 per cent of the voters are foreign born. The variation in Chicago is not so great, the foreign born voters of the whole city being 50.62 per cent and in the slum district canvassed 61.31. Of the whole number of voters in New York city 49.93 per cent are foreign born, while in the slum district canvassed 62.44 per cent are foreign born. In Philadelphia the differences are greater, 29.52 per cent of the total voters being foreign born and 58.94 per cent of the voters in the slum district belonging to that class.

A Co-operative Movement.

The Brotherhood of Winters Island is an attempt to put into practical operation some of the many nationalist plans of the present day. Some of those in Oakland who were interested in the nationalist movement formed an organization and leased Winters island, in the Sacramento river. Upon this island they undertook to establish a colony upon purely nationalist principles, modified in some degree in order to meet the requirements of the location and the idea of the organizers.

The plan is to lease the island, with the privilege of purchase at the end of a certain period at an agreed price. The island is to be diked and the low portion to be reclaimed, and it is then hoped that the brotherhood will dwell together there in peace and unity without strikes or railroads.

The plan was started a year ago and has been in operation since with success that has been varying, but which has, on the whole, been good.

To each member is issued one share of stock, and no member is allowed more than the one share, so that no one man can obtain control of the property. If a man has a wife, she may also hold one share, but there can be no further combination of stock in that family.

During the past year the island was rented for pasturage for $750. There are 14 members at work on the island building a levee to reclaim a portion of the low part. There is enough money on hand which, added to the amount received for pasturage, will build the levee. When this is done, the island will be put under cultivation and the produce sold to the San Francisco market.

The members are extremely hopeful, and they claim that they have solved the secret of all strikes and municipal unhappiness.—Oakland (Cal.) Letter.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
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THE GREEK OF TODAY

HE DOES NOT WORK WHEN HE CAN GET CIGARETTES.

The Oath About Washing Out Disgrace and Other Things—The Influence Upon Architectural Styles—The Modern Greek Woman—How the Men Dress.

The modern Greek says he is the lineal descendant and heir of the ancient Greek, but he is not. He may be divided into two classes—such examples of him as look like the young Apollo and such as do not. Those of the latter class, which is very far the larger, look for the most part like the impenitent thief. The dress of the modern Greek is a number of short white petticoats, not unlike those worn by a fairy in the ballet, only in cases less clean. To call him dirty, however, as some travelers have done, is most unjust. A chimney sweep is dirty at the close of his day's work, but with the modern Greek dirt is less a custom than an immemorial tradition.

The first cases of him seen by the traveler—supposing him to approach the country from that side—are in Messenia. This fact has suggested to an antiquary that at the disastrous close of the first Messenian war, in 735 B. C., the Messenians bound themselves by a great oath that until they had washed out disgrace they would wash nothing. That oath they have faithfully kept, and now it is unlikely ever to be either terminated or broken.

The modern Greek does not work. There are, it is true, workingmen. They are needed for demonstrations of the unemployed, but they do not work. In the same paradoxical spirit it may be said that the principal industry of the country is idleness. But for the convenience of the gazetteer it is officially given out that the nation is engaged in commerce—mainly currants. Besides this there is a brisk trade in justice in many parts of the country, while the inhabitants of some seaport towns devote their energies to blacking one another's boots in the principal streets. Such are the industries of modern Greece. It is to be observed, however, that, although the modern Greek never works, he has an unequaled natural aptitude for looking as if he were just thinking it almost time to begin work.

Although inactive, he is enterprising. The race is very widely spread. Indeed the only place near Greece where you may not expect to find Greeks is the post of duty. Even here the modern Greek has been noticed more than once, but he was almost invariably just stepping off a moment to light a cigarette. When he is about to light a cigarette, he is always smoking one, except when his neighbor's tobacco gives out. He is not always drinking—a fact which may be ascribed more to the character of his native wines than to his native sobriety—though he can seldom spare the time to leave the wineshop, but fills in the interval trying to induce his neighbor to buy him wine to drink. It is probably the national devotion to the cigarette to which we may attribute the characteristic architectural styles of modern Greece. The common feature in all these is their rough, bold incompleteness. To the experienced eye the building looks as if it were tumbling down, but this is not the true explanation. Plainly the house was half built when the master builder stepped away to get a light and forgot to return. In agriculture the modern Greek does not excel.

It is thought by sociologists that the land was so ravaged by the end of the Peloponnesian war (404 B. C.) that the Greek became dispirited and has not planted anything since. Certainly it would be impossible to ravage the land now. Thus cut off from his traditional military exploit, the modern Greek is but an indifferent soldier. But it is to be remembered that it is now hardly over 50 years since he freed himself, acting through the fleets of England, France and Russia, from the brutal dominion of the Turks. Doubtless in a century or two he will have advanced more than one step on the road to rejuvenescent prosperity. The perpetual invention of new labor saving machines is of the happiest augury for his future civilization. It should be said, moreover, that there is in the islands a town with a large square and a fine subtropical plant in the middle. It contains public buildings partly finished and eight or nine drinking shops, besides a statue of a patriot in knickerbockers called Muley—no doubt in affectionate recognition of his tenacity of purpose. The square is called the Place of the Glory of the Resurgent Hellas, but it is very many times too large for it.

The modern Greek woman differs in several important points from the modern Greek man. She sometimes works and not seldom in early youth looks like a habitual criminal. It must not be thought, however, as some have done, that she goes so far as ever to tell the truth. When she goes on a journey, she carries with her everything she has in the world, in this respect approximating to the custom of her sisters among less civilized peoples. She carries her goods in a broken box with a particolored leather top, trellised with yellow tinsel. In the rare cases when the lock is not broken she further secures it with a piece of broken string.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Anything to Oblige.

The conductor approached the man who carries lighted cigars into public conveyances.

"No smoking," said the conductor.

"I ain't smoking," was the reply.

"Your cigar is."

"Well, I can't help it. That is a strong cigar, and it does as it pleases."

"Well," said the conductor, "you can take your choice. Either you or the cigar will have to be put out."

And the man, after some thought, rubbed the cigar on his shoe and put it out.—Washington Star.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Curiosities of the Singular Red Lights in the Northern Skies.

The ancients viewed the aurora borealis with superstitious awe, looking upon it as an omen of direful disaster. It is not unusual for descriptions of old time battles to mention the fact that the "curious red 'northern lights' gave us warning that something awful was about to happen." In the annals of Clan-Mac-Noise is to be found an account of a purple aurora, which lighted up the northern skies in the year 688 A. D. on the night preceding the dreadful battle fought by the Irish tribes of Leinster and Munster, and it is not necessary to mention the fact that the people took it as an omen of the great slaughter which soon followed.

In the year 1859 the people of America witnessed some of the grandest displays of the auroral light that have ever been known in the history of the world. During the month of September, that year, particularly upon the nights of the 2d, 3d and 29th, brilliant auroras were reported from nearly every point on the American continent. Superstitious people like those of Ireland hundreds of years ago believe until this day that the peculiar appearance of the sky upon the nights mentioned was a presage of the great conflict which was so soon to be waged between the north and south.

The cause of the aurora has long been a matter of speculation. M. de la Rive, a Genoese scientist, who has long and faithfully labored for the enlightenment of humanity upon this subject, made an interesting experiment in Finland in the year 1882 and one which goes a long way toward proving that "fitful aurora" is a phenomenon of electrical character.

The experiment is best described in the language of the experimenter himself: "We surrounded the peak of a mountain with copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. We next heavily charged the wire with electricity, and afterward nearly every night during our stay had the pleasure of seeing yellowish white light dance from nib to nib, in which the spectroscope analysis exhibited the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At Pietarintumturi we were especially favored in making our experiment, having on two different occasions caused an auroral arch to appear as if hanging in the air directly over our wires and about 150 rods above them."—St. Louis Republic.

His Certificate.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his study preparing for a debate when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate for the benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand. Certainly, certainly." And the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For 175 years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. The day before yesterday I bought a box of Barker's corn plasters. Since then I can run 20 miles an hour. Any man who believes this and wishes further recommendations will gladly be supplied if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silently and departed. — Harrison's Monthly.

Electric Treatment of Plants.

About 30 years ago an ingenious physician of an inquiring turn of mind was struck with the idea that if electricity was good for feeble people it might be equally good for feeble plants. A row of evergreens had been put out on his grounds some time before, and it occurred to him that as there were a couple of his best trees in an exceedingly frail state of health here was a good chance to test his theory. He accordingly connected a wire from a battery with the roots of one of the trees, turned on a very mild current and watched the results. In a short time the leaves, which had begun to turn yellow, took on a lively shade of green, new shoots started out, and the tree that had been given up by the gardener as past saving was soon the most flourishing one of the row and before long outstripped its fellows in beauty and luxuriance of growth. These experiments in this direction came to an end by the death of the doctor, and thus much that might have been of great service to the gardener and the florist remained undeveloped. Who will enter the field and give us accurate, simple and easily managed methods of growing plants by electricity?—New York Ledger.

Age of Some Noted Universities.

It is said the University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred the Great in 872. The University of Cambridge, or rather the first of the colleges at present comprised in it, was founded by Hugo, bishop of Ely, in 1257. The University of Paris was founded by King Philip II about the year 1200. The first German university was established at Prague in 1348. Trinity college, Dublin, was incorporated by royal charter in 1591. The University of Edinburgh was first chartered in 1582 by King James VI of Scotland. Harvard college was founded at Cambridge, or, as it was then known, Newtown, Mass., in 1636. Yale university was first established at Saybrook, Conn., in 1700. It removed to its present location, New Haven, in 1716.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

IT WAS VERY SUDDEN.

But the Man at the Telephone Got the Answer He Wanted.

An event has occurred in Michigan, near Detroit, which appears to confirm the idea that courtship as well as most other things will hereafter be greatly facilitated by recent inventions. It seems that there is a young lady residing in Detroit who for some time has been the recipient of the attentions of two young men—one a young professor at the Michigan state university at Ann Arbor and the other a traveling salesman for a New York wholesale hardware house, whose route extends through Michigan and parts of Canada.

One day recently the New Yorker arrived in Detroit late in the afternoon, and of course immediately started to make the rounds of the retail hardware dealers, with the laudable purpose of selling each a good stock for the winter before the representative of any rival concern should put in an appearance. He had hoped to visit the object of his affections in the evenings but business was brisk, and at 8 o'clock found him very busy trying to induce a prominent dealer to take six dozen axes, four dozen grindstones and a half carload of wooden pails. At this stage of the proceedings a younger brother of the young lady dropped in to get a new jackknife and accidentally mentioned that the Ann Arbor professor was up at the house.

It instantly occurred to the progressive hardware and cutlery drummer that the college man came for no other purpose than to lay his heart at the feet of the young lady he himself adored. For a moment there was a struggle in his heart, but he speedily got control of himself and decided that he could not possibly leave the store, as the dealer was just on the point of deciding to take the pails.

But the thought of giving up the lady, who had been for months constantly in his mind, waking and sleeping, was unbearable. Light suddenly dawned on him. Handing the merchant a circular explaining the merits of his new double bladed chopping knives, he requested the use of the dealer's telephone for five minutes, stepped to it and rang up the central office.

A moment later the telephone bell at the residence of the young lady rang, sharp and decisive. The professor had been there for an hour talking pleasantly of the grand educational work they were doing in the department of fossilogy at Ann Arbor. When the bell rang, the lady's father being absent—he is a physician—she excused herself and proceeded to the adjoining room to answer it. The professor heard her step to the telephone and say "Yes," make a short pause and say "Yes" again. Then there was a longer pause, and he heard her reply, "Why—why—really, this is very sudden." Then there was a still longer pause, and he heard her say "Yes," very softly, and then "Goodby," and then she hung up the receiver and came into the back room. The college man moved closer to the lady and remarked that it was a warm evening, and he thought it was going to rain and then resumed his talk about the great work at the university. Fifteen minutes later there was a ring at the front door bell. The lady responded to it, and a district messenger boy handed her a plain gold ring, which she slipped on her finger and returned to the parlor.

"Miss ——," said the professor five minutes later, "I want to ask you a very important question this evening. Excuse me for putting it bluntly, but will you be my wife?" But we need go no further with this. Two minutes later the professor went down the front steps and shook his fist at the telephone wire and took the first train for Ann Arbor.—Hardware.

A Case of Had To.

"I had a funny experience in a little town on the lower Mississippi," said R. C. Blackley, a traveling man. "The place had but one hotel, the landlord of which conducted everything except the cooking and housecleaning, which his wife attended to. I was the only guest, and when I told him that I wanted to go up the river on a packet due anywhere between midnight and 3 o'clock in the morning I was shown to a room immediately over the office and was going to sleep when I heard a shrill feminine voice call, 'John, you come to bed.' 'Sallie, you know I kain't go to bed. Got to wake that blamed drummer.' I enjoyed the situation and laughed my self wide awake, not getting sleepy again for two hours.

Then the feminine voice called again, 'John, I say, come to bed.' 'I kain't go to bed.' 'Let that pesky drummer wake hisself. 'Tain't no way to run a hotel,' and there was silence again. Finally I went to sleep again and was soon awakened by a most unearthly racket. The old man was pounding on the office ceiling with a broom handle. 'I'm awake,' I answered. 'I don't believe I'll go on that boat. I'm too tired. I'll wait until tomorrow.' 'I reckon you won't. You be down hyar in two minutes, or I'll be arter you. I ain't goin to set up fer nuthin.' I caught the boat."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Booth and Girls' Letters.

Even Edwin Booth, most matter of fact, respectable and unapproachable of men, got any quantity of this sort of letters. Strangely enough, too, it is of record that, contrary to the usual custom of popular actors, he answered, indirectly, several of his undesired love letters, for some of those received by him during his career were written by silly girls, daughters of men known and respected by Mr. Booth, who appended their true names to their effusions. Two or three of these were of such a nature that Mr. Booth felt it his duty, as a parent, to inclose them to the fathers of the writers, with a statement as to how they come into his possession. The result, it may be imagined, was hardly of a nature to encourage the stricken damsels in their devotion.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

RIDDLES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Anagrams and Acrostics Have Been Known Since the Days of the Psalmist.

It seems ridiculous that the people who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago were more interested in puzzles than you and I are today. This is true nevertheless. The puzzles I refer to are those in writing, although the ancients probably occupied some of their spare time with strange and puzzling devices of wood and metal, as we do. What a pleasure it is to solve the problems in our favorite magazines or newspapers! It is very good exercise for one's brains, too, and where a prize is offered to the fortunate boy or girl who first solves the puzzles of different kinds the work is more pleasant still in the anticipation of proving oneself a little cleverer than the others and of receiving the gift. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind. Acrostic is Greek for a number of verses, the first letters of which form a word—sometimes a name and sometimes a sentence. The final letter may form a word, or, as Addison tells us, the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Hebrew poets often made their verses run over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the one hundred and nineteenth. This has 22 divisions of stanzas, corresponding to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight couplets, and the first line of each couplet in the first stanza in the original Hebrew begins with the letter aleph, the second commences with beth, the third with gimel and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses on sacred subjects after the fashion of Hebrew acrostics. This was done with a view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abcedarian hymns.

The riddle is also of ancient origin. The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the Queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solomon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains riddles, as do some books now in existence, written in Arabic and Persian. The ancient Egyptians also propounded riddles, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for his riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plutarch, died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were encouraged for amusement on winter nights in the baronial hall and also in the monastery. In later days some of the most brilliant men of letters contributed to the list of riddles.

The anagram, or transposition of the letters in words or sentences, was much in vogue in Greece in the olden times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doctors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with meaning they firmly believed it a revelation. The flatterers of James I of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur from his name Charles James Stuart, which becomes "claims Arthur's seat." The best anagrams are those which have in the new order of letters some signification appropriate to that from which they are formed. When Pilate asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?), he probably had no idea that his question answered itself. But it did. The transposition made it, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). Anagrams were written as early as 250 B. C., and their name comes from the Greek words ana, backward, and gramma, writing.—Philadelphia Press.

Secret of Living Long.

The necessity of relative harmony throughout the entire physical system cannot be too strongly urged. Herein lies the chief secret of health and long life. Manifest weakness, or even predominant strength, in any part opens the avenue for the invasion of disease and the appoach of death. What can be done for the realization and maintenance of structural and vital harmony? Space would fail us to give details adapted to varying conditions, but the underlying fundamental principle for its accomplishment may be imparted in few words. Strive to strengthen and develop those parts of the body which have been slighted by nature or weakened by disease or abuse; guard zealously such structures and see that they are never subjected to undue strain or too active exertion; neglect not the improvement of every part of the economy, but seek first to improve the weakest structures; look well to organs of vital importance—the heart, lungs, kidneys, etc.—and seek especially to advance their good. A fine physique is not to be ignored, but of far greater importance are a strong pair of lungs, a normal, well guarded heart, good digestive apparatus and functionally sound kidneys. The strengthening and developing of vital structures require more skill and perseverance than the training of the muscular system and should be conducted with much care and diligence.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Eat Fruits.

The warmth of summer tends to biliousness and fevers, and the free use of fruits counteracts this tendency. This is because the acids of the fruit help to facilitate the separation of the bile from the blood, a process slackened by the approach of hot weather. "Fruits are cooling" is an expression often used, but why this is so very few understand. They are so because the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver to greater activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are open, and under such conditions fever and want of appetite are impossible.

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St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2959 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 5749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hoensteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 730 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 189 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 169 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 468 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 70 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schemer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm C

POOR ROSSA.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

The future beams an ever-brightening star.
Pardon me, Rossa! if to all the pain
The race has given thee I add a grain.
Thou, last of Celts! what grief thy love has brought,
What bears thy call from where its hopes belong?
Too well I know, the serpent's work to share.
In love with truth man crucifies despair;
Too well I know, since Ireland bleeds no more,
That Truth, dishevelled, fled the Irish shore
For that bright naiad lives in floods of gore;
When stricken Freedom leaves the Irish peaks
And peace still reigns though public honor shrieks,
Who praises peace and kisses British lies
Grows old to know the truth and knowing dies;
His hopes in bane his troubles in a smile
He feasts unconscious and expires in guile.
The smile belongs to slaves through duty blind
For misery smiles when she would mock mankind;
As from great mounts burst torrents uncontined
The indiguant tear starts from the noble mind.
Our hopes, as long as Erin weeps, shall bloom
But if she laughs our cause fades into gloom.
Alas, she smiles! see on her maiden face
The British brand its signs of treason trace;
And with fresh joys Columbia's shores beguile
The child's affections from the parent isle!
Mourn! Rossa, mourn! as Erin's tears depart
And siren Amer draws away her heart!
But no! let hope embrace they melting soul,
Restrain thy tears and thy soft heart control.
Of grief thy heart has had sufficient store
Since love and hope sigh'd "Maxwell is no more!"
Though much deep-brooding patriotism sighs.
When falls its love through worse woe's miseries
The soul communes with grief when nature's hand
Plucks off the fairest of her idol band.
Expanding slow through many smiling years
Fair rises youth's pure spring and, spreading, clears—
A lake of joys long swelling hope becomes
Filled from youth's fair source with firm milleniums;
But brief it stays for as its charms increase
It threatens deluge through the breach of peace;
Accumulated thus a paradise appears
Till, pierced by death, it disappears in tears.
So must thy life its latest hopes regret
Returned thy sun where his chief realm is set
And death, the dull calm comfort of despair.
Sped on the wings of night across the air.
Long have we seen—oh, ever shall we see?—
Her truest guards to nature bend the knee.
That prince, in whose dark crypt all souls despond,
Our monarch here—perhaps our slave beyond—
His sense so odd from all that we can own,
Abhors us only in being still unknown;
To live on that by which we cease to live,
Enjoy such tributes as we but can give,
Immortal, fed on what deposes life,
His senses fashioned to absorb all strife,
That despot, set as regent over all,
Doth nature raise, desiring her own fall!
Groans are his food and pangs his taxsupply,
His bursary filled with the world's misery,
He bids life's principle in torture grow
And reaps from it the interest of woe;
Bliss he cuts off, forecloses upon love,
Makes prayer his praise and constitution prove;
The ceaseless sigh, the sweetly-throbbing breath,
The breaking heart, all dividends of death!
Can heaven have heart to breed such awful shade
Whose ominous haze surrounds the world she made?
But mourn we not till grief must wholly be
Wrought through with shades of dark melancholy.
Since hope was born of Him let us not sigh
Lest hope aloft should dolorously fly;
Let us like earth's snow-robed electric pole
Absorb with mighty grief his lightning soul.
Bright through our mind's queer memory weaves a strand
And gloom pales out as hope resumes her wand.
Fate ne'er decreed to leave his days undone
His thoughts should blossom in his mind alone.
Fed with our tears love's heritage shall be
Safe in the care of his fair memory;
Our tears, fused links of death's congealed chain,
Like molten laws shall Erin free again.
The foes have failed and parasites have lost
And Truth's old comet the new night has crost.
Though torn, diminished, scattered with the wind,
The shreds of Justice wander unconfined;
And, reconvened within the silent night,
Shall raise through darkness controverted light.
No gloom so deep we cannot penetrate,—
Not death who darkens up the stellar gate;
Immortal Hope from Sorrow gleams a ray
And guides love on through growing gloom to day.
While in our hearts though grief for Maxwell bloom
Pregnant with tears shines Hope above his tomb;
And Hope's bright star born of the spectral past
Is his true monumental light at last!
The noble mind no special nurture needs
But on events of varied fortune feeds;
What way we think, what way the planets move
God's sweet concordant harmonies approve
And all is fashioned, all impelled by love!
On, India, on! while yet thy ancient soul
Exerts a Brahmin Freedom's pure control!
On, on with Erin! strong till now and free—
The spectre-spouse of Truth-throned liberty.
Tied strength traduces and delay distains
Truth's bright tribunal where History complains.
Now fortune smiles on Erin and on thee
And Britain's power decays to infamy.
The stolen grandeur which oppression wears,
Purloined by Fraud from floods of diamond tears,
A speedy war, ay! but a double blow
Will reinstate with honor on you now.
But if from Truth's sweet font you now abstain
Bold Fraud will raise the British power again
Nor change indite, mute chronicler of Time,
That glory fettered on the twigs of crime.
So long in Erin wounded Freedom stood
The ocean's rim grew crimson with her blood
But now the floods of walled-up valor stand
In dungeons dim or dying in the sand.
Shall muffled hearts beat out their fire with gloom
From solitary pulses of the tomb?
Shall men be moved in coerced frenzy still,
Like Gallagher, to murder their own will;
Will Irishmen in British treason trust
Till Cromwell's name conspireth with his dust—
Their minds so deep in idiocy lowered
That Truth turns foul and love is undevoured?
Those that are out are crazed, not Gallagher!
Though chained his mind yet knows not how to err.
Better to rot, to rust in a dark cell
With a free mind—though savage as a hell—
Than roam, conditioned as a prey to Fraud,
With praise for power, black blasphemy of God!
Home rule comes with the British tide of slime,
Apology thin-bubbling on a crime.
At last the slaves, ceasing in bonds to crawl,
Find Pain, ths despot, faquir Pleasure's thrall.
At last, relieved, how sweet tis to be free,
Fresh with the appetite of misery!
Though dealing slaves the lash of their own wealth
Crime has remorse to sting itself to health!
Nor yet did England e'er so cruel prove
But she might grant her foes a sea of love!
How many times she ushered forth her hand,
Misunderstood, to disenthrall that land,
But like an angel, fearful to offend,
Refused again the blessings she could lend,
Assuming now a bold and bounteous smile
Which, bashful soon, she strives to hide awhile!
Thus has imposter Patriotism led
Our ways away from her we should have wed!
Gently she ruled, that sovereign of our state,
Now rising fair, who never rose with hate!
To tear Temptation with half-yielding fire
Or with half-chilling snow to vex desire,
The full soft moon's voluptuous matron form
Or trembling crescent pregnant of a storm(!!!)
Stands out along the bourne of Erin's fate
And hinders Freedom with capricious hate.
Thus, Rossa, should we with this Britain cope,
This changing fraud dissembling steady hope:
If words compose the war let them be dealt
Against the dupe-deteriorated Celt;
If acts, with all the shocks that truth has lent,
Britain be blasted from her firmament!
No more in slavish parasites confide
But strike their mediatory prayers aside!
If we must win let it be all the war,
No sutler's triumph nor a veteran's scar.
The present shows us the rewards of hate:
A murdered League and Fenianism's fate;
Pay back with scorn the black ingratitude
That sold our cause and trafficked with our blood.
Strike, till the world, indifferent to our woes,
Indignant fear the war against our foes.
Better to mount on the black wings of hell
Than with the brood of eyeless evil dwell,
And life is loved the more with dangers past
Than if sweet safety always rode the blast.

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